

EERIE

COMICS

AN
AVON
COMIC

10^c

NO. 1



**LONESOME JOE
FINDS THE
TUNE TO
POPULARITY!!**



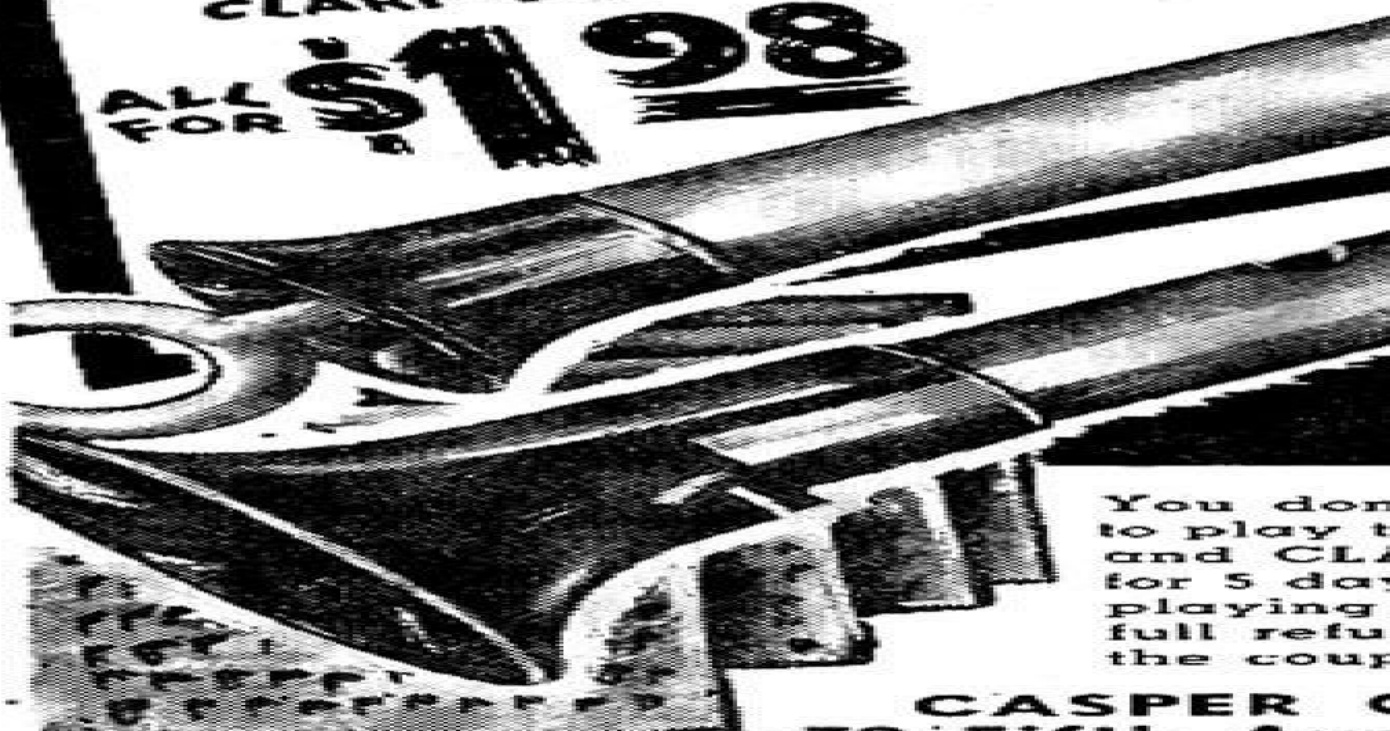
**DOPE! HERE'S THE
ANSWER - A "HOT LICK"
SLIDE FLUTE, AND A
"CLARIFLUTE" FOR \$1.98 AND
I CAN LEARN QUICKLY!**



**LEARN TO PLAY
IN JUST 15 MIN
TRIPLE BARO**

**YOUR "HOT LICK" SLIDE FL
CLARI-FLUTE AND MUSIC**

ALL FOR \$1.98



You don't
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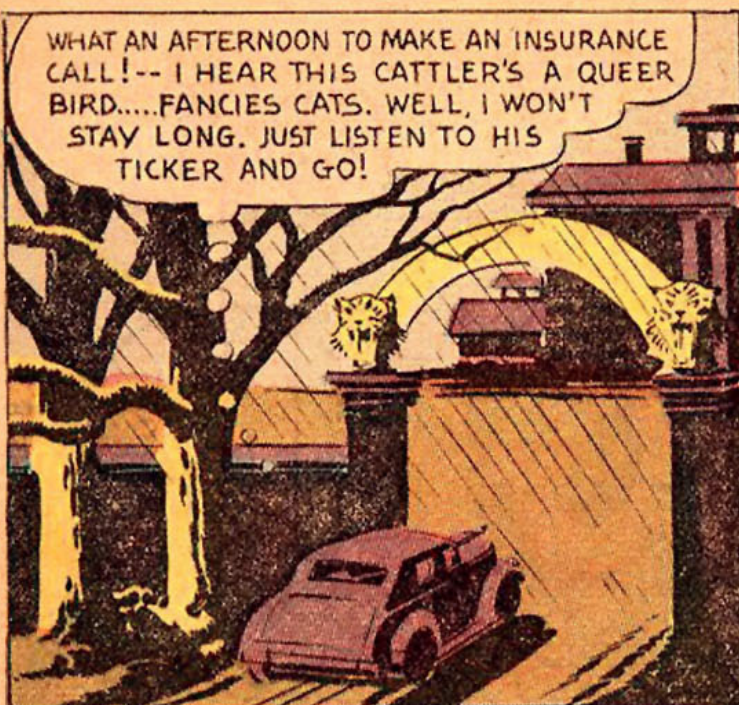
**CASPER C
72 Fifth Ave**

THE EYES OF THE TIGER



CARL CATTLEL LOVED BEASTS OF THE FELINE STRIPE, AND THEY RETURNED THIS AFFECTION...FOR THE MOST PART. EVERYTHING WAS LOVEY-DOVEY UNTIL CARL MADE ONE **SERIOUS MISTAKE!** AFTER THAT, HE SAW NOTHING BUT THE **"EYES OF THE TIGER!"**

WHAT AN AFTERNOON TO MAKE AN INSURANCE CALL!-- I HEAR THIS CATTLER'S A QUEER BIRD....FANCIES CATS. WELL, I WON'T STAY LONG. JUST LISTEN TO HIS TICKER AND GO!



S-SAY!...HE *IS* ECCENTRIC! WHOEVER HEARD OF PUTTING A STUFFED TIGER OUT ON THE LAWN?!...I'LL BE GLAD WHEN *THIS* VISIT'S OVER.



HOW THE DEVIL LONG MUST I KEEP KNOCKING? MAYBE MY INSURANCE PATIENT IS DEAD ALREADY?...



WORST LUCK!--HE *ISN'T* DEAD. BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM IT WON'T BE LONG..!

YOU'D BE DOCTOR MANTON, WOULDN'T YOU? OF COURSE. COME INSIDE, DOCTOR, AND WARM YOURSELF BY THE FIRE.



IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. CATTLER, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE YOU AT ONCE. I'VE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE...

BUT OF COURSE, DOCTOR! WHAT *ELSE* ARE YOU HERE FOR?--HEH! HEH! I WARN YOU, I'M TERRIBLY HEALTHY. DON'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME!



NOT ONLY DON'T I LIKE CATTLER, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS *HEART*! IT'LL BLOW LIKE A FUSE UNDER THE SLIGHTEST STRAIN!

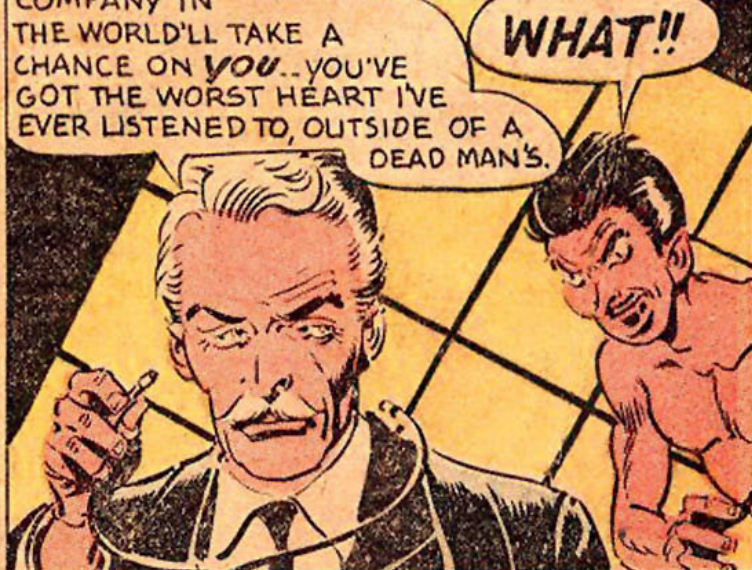
WELL, WHAT DO YOU, SAY, EH? ISN'T THAT A PERFECT

BODY? DID YOU EVER HEAR A MORE PERFECT HEART? YOU'LL PASS ME FOR THE POLICY, EH?...



I SHOULD SAY *NOT*...NO INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON *YOU*..YOU'VE GOT THE WORST HEART I'VE EVER LISTENED TO, OUTSIDE OF A DEAD MAN'S.

WHAT!!





YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I WON'T LET YOU! I **MUST** HAVE THAT POLICY!

WHY MUST YOU? ACCORDING TO YOUR APPLICATION YOU HAVE NO FAMILY, REMOTE OR CLOSE. **WHO** COULD YOU LEAVE YOUR MONEY TO?



TO CATS! TO THOSE I LOVE BEST!...**CATS! CATS!**

NOT ONLY ARE YOU UNFIT PHYSICALLY FOR A POLICY, CATTLE, BUT YOU'RE **MENTALLY** UNFIT! YOU'RE PLUMB CRAZY, MAN.... GOOD DAY!



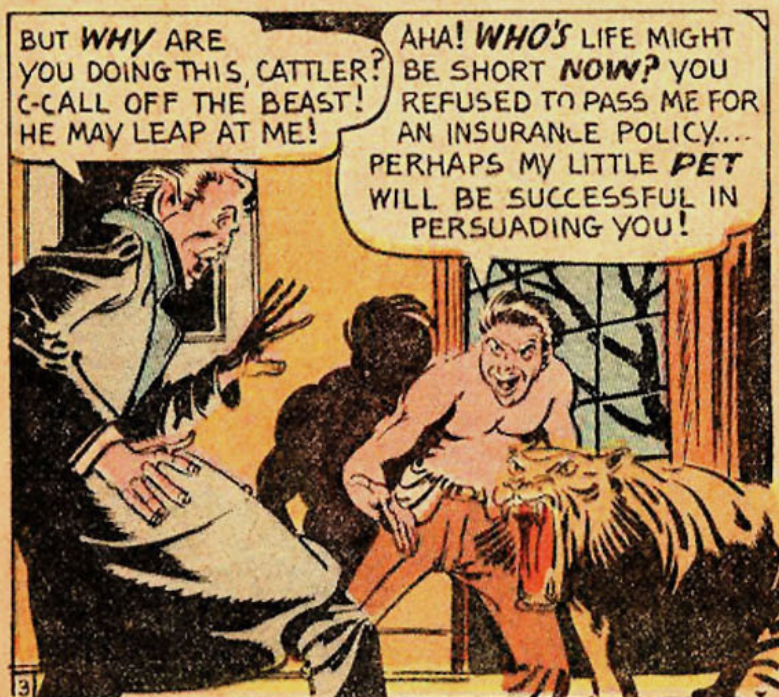
CRAZY, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU **WHO'S** CRAZY!..OUT, FLAME...! AND STAND IN FRONT OF THE DOOR!



G-GREAT HEAVENS! A **TIGER!**..WH-WHERE... HOW?

MEET MY "**BENEFICIARY**," DOCTOR MANTON!

BUT DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM!..HEH HEH! YOU MAY NOT GET YOUR HAND BACK!



BUT **WHY** ARE YOU DOING THIS, CATTLE? C-CALL OFF THE BEAST! HE MAY LEAP AT ME!

AHA! **WHO'S** LIFE MIGHT BE SHORT **NOW?** YOU REFUSED TO PASS ME FOR AN INSURANCE POLICY.... PERHAPS MY LITTLE **PET** WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN PERSUADING YOU!



C-CALL HIM OFF, CATTLE...**CALL HIM OFF-F!** HE'S GOING FOR ME!

OF COURSE HE IS, DOCTOR! --HE **LIKES** YOU! HA HA! NOW IF **YOU** LIKE **HIM** IN RETURN, AND PASSED ME FOR THE POLICY, HE WOULDN'T GROW TOO "**AFFECTIONATE**"!

EEEE.. HE'S **NEAR** ME! I-I'LL S-SIGN **ANYTHING**, CATTLE! ... ONLY **TAKE H-HIM AWAY**. EEE! **TAKE HIM AWAY!**

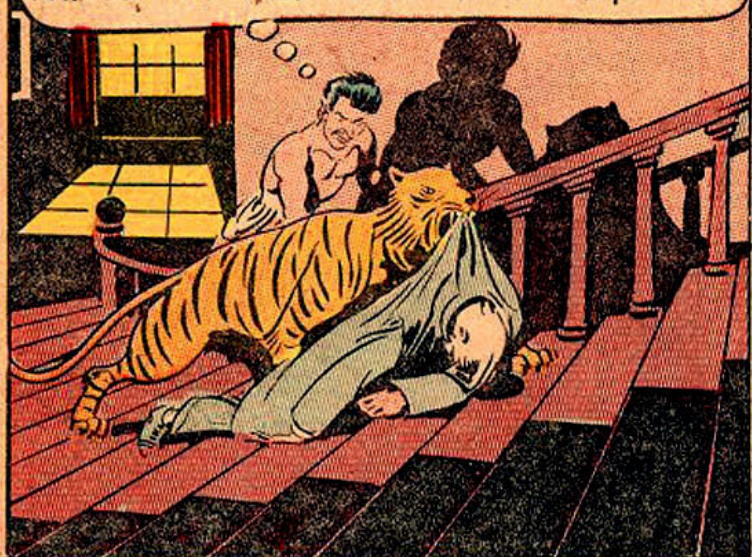
WHY, DOCTOR, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE FORGETTING ALL ABOUT **ETHICS**? MY! MY!--WHAT A LITTLE SHOW OF **TIGER TEETH** WILL DO!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? THE DOCTOR FAINTED! I GUESS HE ISN'T USED TO CATS. BECAUSE, WHAT IS THERE TO BE AFRAID OF?... TSK TSK!



ADMIRABLE BEAST! HE GETS MORE INTELLIGENT EVERY DAY! LITTLE DID THE GOOD DOCTOR KNOW FLAME NEVER TASTED MEAT!...THAT I RAISED HIM SINCE HE WAS A FEW DAYS OLD...



...THAT HE'S HARMLESS AS A KITTEN! THAT FLAME WAS REALLY NOTHING MORE THAN "INTERESTED" IN THE DOCTOR, NOT IN HIS TASTY FLESH!



[THAT NIGHT...]

HOW OBEDIENTLY, HOW PERFECTLY TRAINED YOU ARE, FLAME! HOW **DIFFERENT** FROM ALL YOUR FELLOWS...ONLY **YOU** DON'T KNOW IT! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW FEROCIOUS, HOW CRUEL, HOW BLOOD-THIRSTY YOUR JUNGLE BROTHERS ARE!



MY INSURANCE MONEY MUST GO TO A FUND • THAT WILL CONVERT ALL WILD BEASTS INTO PETS THAT'LL SLEEP BY THE FIRE AND WATCH ONE'S SLEEP!



BUT DURING THE NIGHT, FATE UNCOVERS ONE OF CATTLER'S FEET AND FLAME BECOMES INTERESTED IN ITS STARK, BLUE-VEINED WHITENESS...



CATTLER WAKES UP, AWARE OF A STRANGE TINGLING IN HIS FOOT....

W-WHAT TH--? FLAME! HE'S LICKING MY FOOT! ... MY FOOT'S ALL BLOODY-FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, **FLAME'S TASTED BLOOD!**



WHAT IF HE SHOULD USE HIS **TEETH** INSTEAD OF HIS TONGUE? I MUST TAKE MY FOOT AWAY BEFORE HE REVERTS TO HIS BESTIAL NATURE!...



BUT AS CATTLER MOVES TO WITHDRAW HIS LEG, FLAME MOVES TO KEEP IT THERE... WITH HIS **STEEL CLAWS!**

THIS ISN'T FLAME ANYMORE! IT'S A **TIGER**... A TIGER WHO WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL HE TASTES MY **THROAT'S BLOOD!**

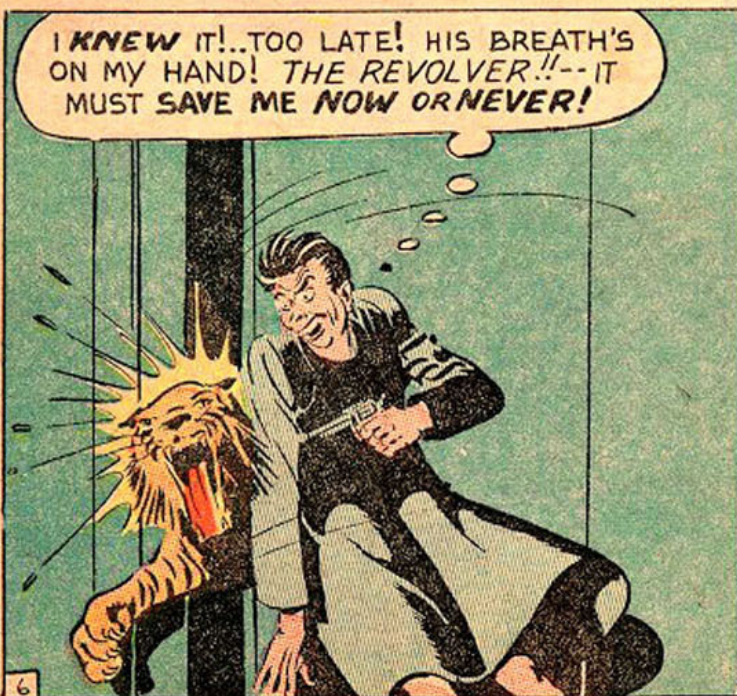


THIS REVOLVER I KEEP AGAINST BURGLARS, WILL COME IN HANDY! FLAME NEVER HEARD A REVOLVER SHOT BEFORE-- IF I'M LUCKY, HE'LL **FEEL** ONE NOW!



CURSE MY SHAKING HAND! I ONLY **GRAZED** HIM!... GOT TO GET OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE HE RECOVERS FROM HIS FRIGHT!





MOMENTS LATER...WITH POUNDING HEART!

NO SOUND. NOT EVEN A GROWL OF PAIN. YET FLAME'S BLOOD IS SEEPING OVER THE THRESHOLD! HE **MUST** BE DEAD!



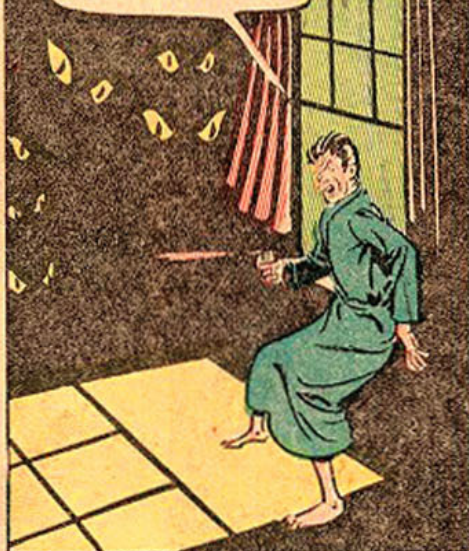
BUT HOW CAN HE BE DEAD...WHEN I-I SEE HIS **EYES** STARING AT ME!



EVERYWHERE!...**FLAME'S EYES**... STARING AT ME! ACCUSING ME!



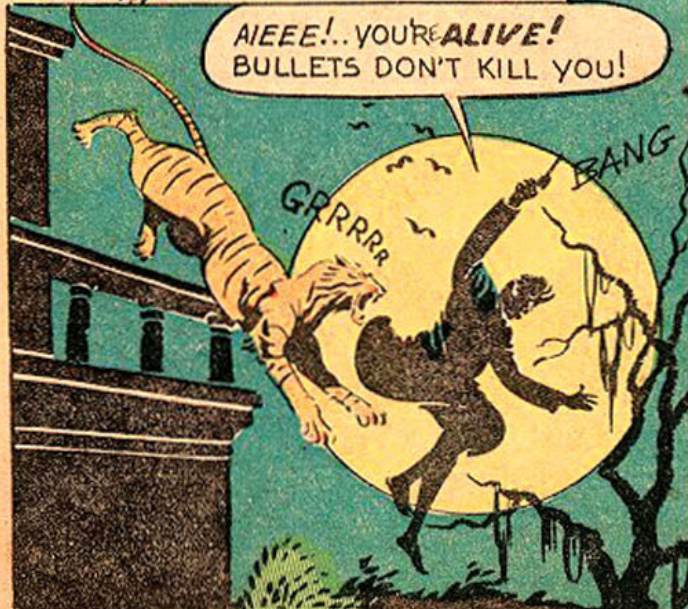
I'LL GET RID OF THEM!...I'LL SHUT THEM...**FOREVER!** I'LL **KILL** THEM AGAIN! AND AGAIN-!



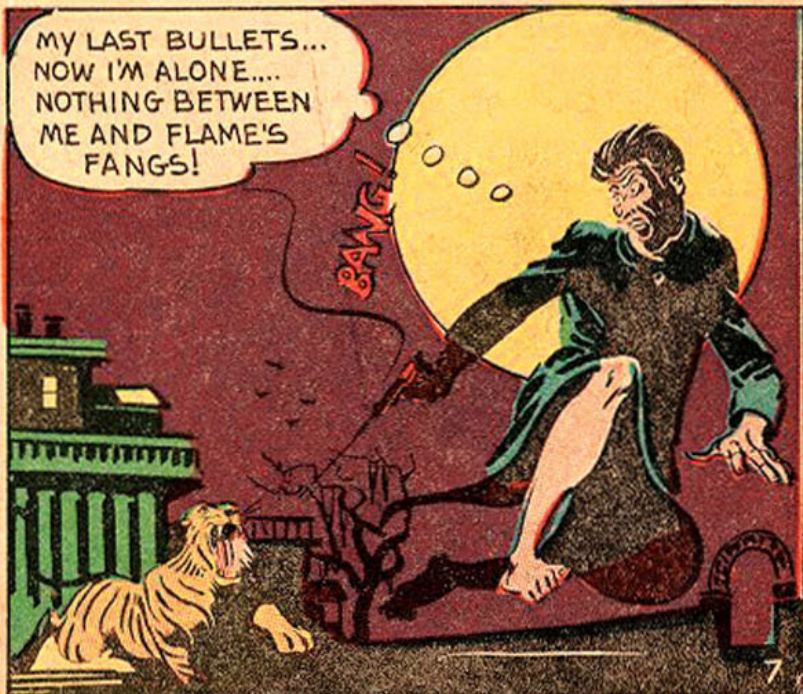
FLAME! THEN YOU AREN'T DEAD?! YOU'RE NOT IN THE HOUSE, BEHIND THE BLUEROOM DOOR,...YOU'RE **HERE...ALIVE!**



AIEEE!.. YOU'RE **ALIVE!** BULLETS DON'T KILL YOU!



MY LAST BULLETS... NOW I'M ALONE... NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND FLAME'S FANGS!





DEAD MAN'S TALE



IT IS PROPER TO BEGIN THIS DEAD MAN'S TALE
AT THE **UNDERTAKERS**, WHERE...

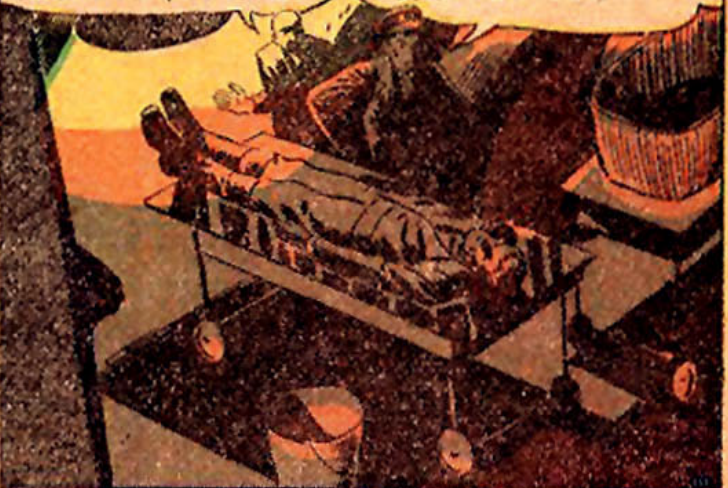
GENTLY, GENTLY...
YOU ARE CARRYING
A GREAT MAN!

I'LL SAY HE'S GREAT! THE
STIFF WEIGHS A TON. WHATSA
MATTER YOU ALWAYS GET DEAD
GIANTS, BOSS? AIN'T THERE NO
DEAD **MIDGETS**?



THESE SOCIETY BOYS
SURE DRESS FANCY.
WHERE WAS HE GOING
TO...A MASQUARADE?

NAW, YOU DOPE! MR.
MORGAN WAS ON A
FOX-HUNT WHEN HE
DROPPED DEAD...





DIS GUY DROP DEAD?
DIS GIANT OF A GUY?
WHY HE COULD BUST ME
IN TWO WITH HIS
PINKIES!

WHO KNOWS?—
EXCEPT THE CORPSE?
AND CORPSES DON'T
SPEAK. WHO SHOULD
KNOW BETTER THAN
I!?



YA AIN'T GONNA START
EMBALMIN' HIM TILL WE
HAVE **SUPPER**? AW, BOSS,
IT'S A NIGHT'S JOB...LET'S
GO OUT AND BUY US SOME
ENERGY FIRST!

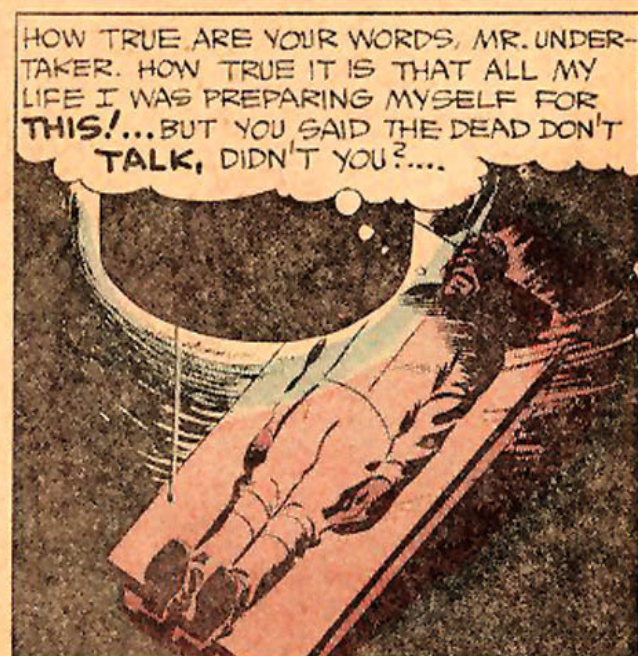
SURE, BOSS...MORGAN
AIN'T GONNA RUN
AWAY!

VERY
WELL!



BOY, DOES THE UNDERTAKING
BUSINESS GIVE YOU AN AP-
PETITE!...AM I GONNA TEAR
UP A JUICY STEAK!

DEATH....DEATH
EVERYWHERE. WHAT
IS LIFE BUT A
PREPARATION FOR
DEATH?



HOW TRUE ARE YOUR WORDS, MR. UNDER-
TAKER. HOW TRUE IT IS THAT ALL MY
LIFE I WAS PREPARING MYSELF FOR
THIS!...BUT YOU SAID THE DEAD DON'T
TALK, DIDN'T YOU?....



PERHAPS THEY **DON'T**...TO THE
LIVING, BUT THE DEAD **THINK**...
AND ISN'T THINKING A CERTAIN
KIND OF TALKING? OF COURSE
IT IS!



HOW DIFFERENT YOU LOOK FROM THE
MYRON MORGAN YOU USED TO BE!...IS
IT ANY WONDER?...THEN YOU WERE
ALIVE...REMEMBER? REMEMBER
THAT SCORCHING DAY IN THE MOJAVE
DESERT TEN YEARS AGO?

YES—I REMEMBER
CLEARLY. I WAS A
POOR SALESMAN
THEN, I HAD AN
OLD RATTLETRAP
TO CRAWL AROUND
SOUTHWEST
AMERICA WITH...

"I REMEMBER PULLING INTO THAT LITTLE GAS STATION NEAR DEAD MAN'S RUT. WHAT A DAY IT WAS... I THOUGHT I WAS BEING ROASTED ALIVE!"

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS SODA WAS COLD! WHY, MY RADIATOR'S COLDER THAN THIS FOUL-TASTING BOTTLED POLLUTION!

CAN'T HELP IT, MISTER. I'M GIVIN' YOU WHAT I GOT. DON'T HAVE TO DRINK IT IF YOU DON'T WANT. ..WELL, YOUR CAR'S ABOUT READY!



LIKE SOUP, ISN'T IT?... ONLY THING MISSING IS NOODLES!

IF I USE MY IMAGINATION, I KIN TASTE THEM, TOO...(GULP!)



SURE IT'S READY--
READY FOR THE
JUNKPILE!..

HEY, MISTER...DON'T
THROW YOUR BOTTLE
AWAY! GIVE US SOME
OF IT...ME THROATS AS
DRY AS A TEETOTALER'S
GIZZARD!

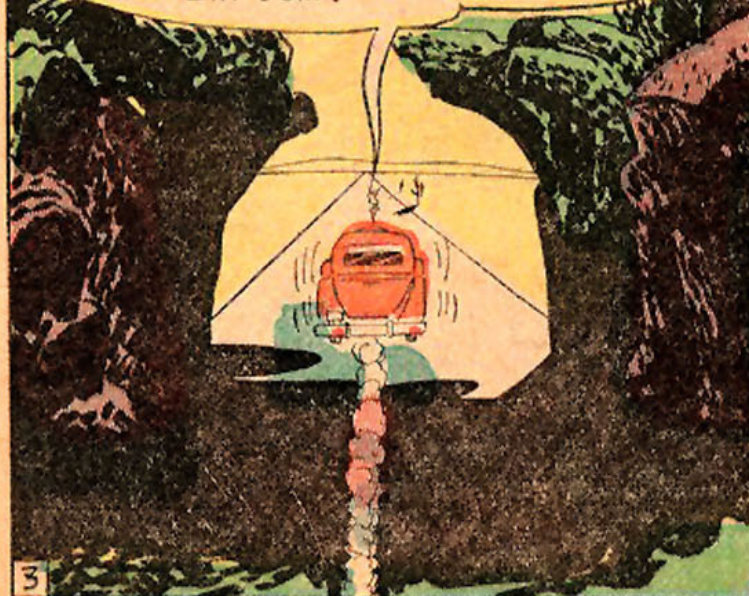


YOU BEIN' SO KIND,
MISTER...HOW ABOUT
GIVIN' US A RIDE? IT'S
A LONG WAY I'M TRAV-
ELING AND EVERY LITTLE
BIT HELPS ME PUPPIES!

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO
RISK YOUR LIFE
RIDING IN THIS
BROKEN-DOWN VOL-
CANO, IT'S OKAY BY
ME. I CAN SEE YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING!



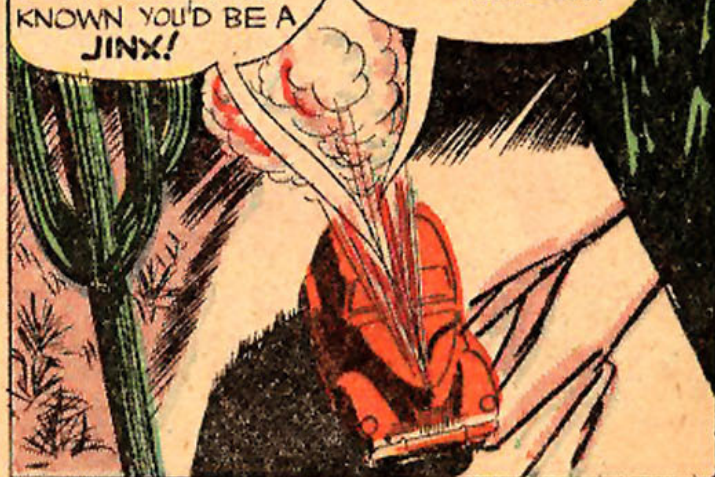
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, IF I WAS
YOU, MISTER...I **ALWAYS** KNOW WHAT
I'M DOIN'!



A HALF HOUR LATER...THE WORST HAPPENS...

CURSE MY LUCK AND
CURSE YOU FOR
ADDING TO THE
ROTTENNESS OF IT!
I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN YOU'D BE A
JINX!

ME DEAR SIR, **ME A
JINX?** WHY, I'M JUST
A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
BUM, BUMMIN' A
RIDE....!



LOOK AT THE
CURSED THING
BLOW-CURSE
THE CAR!...CURSE
THE WORLD!...
CURSE ME!...I'M
**LICKED!...
LICKED!**

NOW, NOW, THING'RE
NOT **THAT** BAD.
MAYBE I CAN
HELP YOU, YOU
HAVIN' BEEN
SO KIND TA
ME BEFORE!



YOU HELP ME?
A WORTHLESS
TRAMP? WHAT
CAN YOU DO
EXCEPT STAND
AROUND AND
GRIN YOUR
STUPID GRIN?

PLENTY! WANNA
SEE **WHAT?**
SURE YA DO,
YA GIVE ME
A DRINK A
LITTLE WHILE
BACK WHEN I
WAS THIRSTY.
NOW I'VE GOT A
LITTLE DRINK
FOR YOU!



TAKE ONE
SWIG OF THIS
STUFF AND YER
CAR'LL RUN LIKE
A ROLLS-ROYCE.
MAYBE IF YA
WISH A LITTLE
HARDER, IT'LL
**TURN INTO A
ROLLS-ROYCE!**

IF I WANT TO
GET DRUNK
AND SEE THE
WORLD UP-
SIDE DOWN,
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO TEACH
ME HOW. GET
THAT FILTHY
BOTTLE OUT
OF MY
SIGHT!



YA THINK THIS'S FIREWATER? YER NUTS,
MISTER, THIS'S IS WITCH-DOCTOR STUFF!...
SNAKE OIL! THE INDIAN CHIEF WHAT GIVE
IT TO ME SAYS YA TAKE A SWALLOW,
MAKES A WISH, AND THE WISH COMES
TRUE!



GO AHEAD...TAKE A
SWIG! WHATCHA GOT
TA LOSE!? IF YA DON'T
LIKE THE TASTE SPIT
IT OUT. BUT DON'T FORGET
TO **WISH** AS YA WET
YER WHISTLE.

YOU'RE RIGHT...I'VE
NOTHING **AT ALL** TO
LOSE. IN FACT, IF
THERE'S **POISON** IN
THE BOTTLE, I'LL
BE SATISFIED,
TOO!



THAT'S THE STUFF.
MAKE OUT IT'S SCOTCH!
-THAT'S RIGHT!
NOW WISH THAT
THE CAR RUNS
AGAIN...

WHY BE A **PIKER**
ABOUT THIS MAGIC
NONSENSE?...I WISH
THAT THE TIN LIZZIE
CHANGES INTO A
LIMOUSINE!



A SECOND LATER -
WELL? MY STUFF'S
A LITTLE STRONGER'N
SODA POP, AIN'T IT?

GREAT S-SCOTT!
I--I C-CAN'T
**BELIEVE M-MY
EYES... A
LIMOSINE!!**



I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S DONE-- AND I DON'T CARE! ALL I'M ASKING IS, WHAT'S THE **HITCH?**... WHAT'S THE CATCH?

HITCH? ME DEAR SIR, I DON'T CALL IT A "HITCH" WHEN YOU TAKE A DRINK AND GET WHAT-EVER YOU WANT!



YOU JUST GOTTA BE CAREFUL O' **ONE** THING, THO.... NEVER LET **ALL** THE LIQUID GET OUTA THE BOTTLE! THE DAY THERE AIN'T NO MORE DRINK LEFT... **THAT DAY, YOU DIE!**



WHAT I COULDN'T DO IF THIS STUFF WERE **MINE**.... WAIT--WHO CAN PREVENT ME FROM **MAKING IT MINE**--THAT PUNY TRAMP?



GIMME BACK ME BOTTLE! I ONLY LOANED IT TA YA! YA CROOK! **GIMME BACK ME BOTTLE!**

IT WOULD BE EASY IF THE TRAMP WERE OUT OF MY WAY. HE'S STANDING ON THE HIGHWAY OF MY **LIFE...BLOCKING IT!**



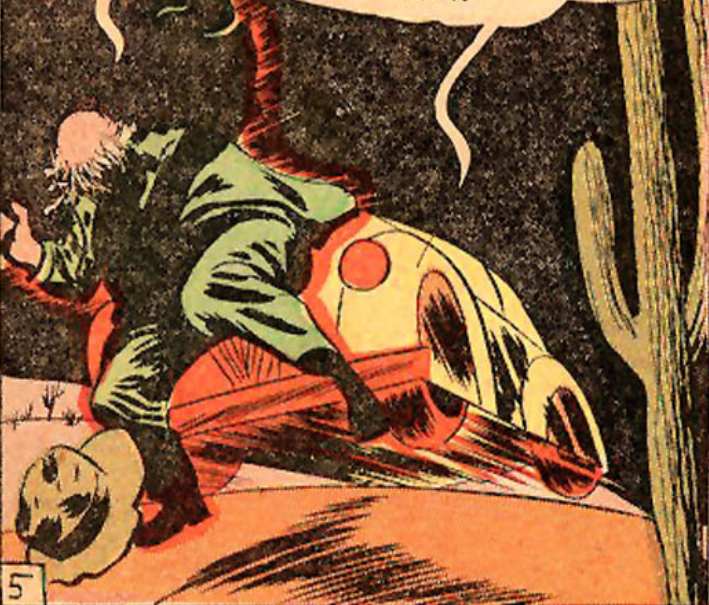
WELL, HE WONT BLOCK IT LONG...GO AHEAD AND RUN, YOU SWINE! **RUN!-- I'LL CATCH YOU!**

H-HEY...YA GOIN' NUTS? HEY... CUT IT OUT!



HELP! AAARGH!!!

THINK WHAT I COULD DO WITH THIS MYSTERIOUS LIQUID, AND ONLY ONE GOD-FORSAKEN TRAMP TO STAND IN MY WAY!



Moments later, PEERING UNDER THE AUTO FOR THE TRAMP'S BODY...

GREAT SCOTT... WHERE'S THE TRAMP?... WHERE'S HE GONE?... HE...HE'S DISAPPEARED!



DISAPPEARED? I DISAPPEAR?
NEVER, MYRON MORGAN!--I SHALL
BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE AND I SHALL CLAIM
YOU AT THE **END**
OF IT!

SOMETHING
WEIRD'S
HAPPENED!
I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY
FROM HERE.
FAR AWAY!

Meanwhile... I DON'T KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT THIS...
WONDERFUL LIQUID...BUT **WHO WOULD?**
ALL I KNOW IS THAT A DRINK GRANTS
MY EVERY WISH!



WHO CARES
THAT WITH EACH
SWALLOW DIMINI-
SHING THE CONTENTS
OF THE BOTTLE, MY
OWN LIFE DIMINI-
SHES?--I WANT A
SUCCESSFUL LIFE,
EVEN IF IT BECOMES
A **SHORT** ONE!

DON'T WORRY,
LITTLE MORTAL...
WATCH HOW **EMBITTERED**
YOUR LIFE
WILL BE AS YOU SEE
THE LIQUID GRADUAL-
LY DISAPPEAR!

"**Y**EARS PASSED
AND WITH THEIR PAS-
SING, Myron Morgan
BECAME RICH,
POWERFUL AND
RESPECTED,
BEYOND ALL HIS
DREAMS..."

"HE MARRIED THE MOST BEAUTI-
FUL WOMAN IN PARK AVENUE
SOCIETY..."



"HE HAD SCORES
OF SERVANTS..."



"MAGNIFICENT
ESTATES!"



"A YACHT!"



"AND THE GREATEST
PRIZE OF ALL, HIS
LITTLE DAUGHTER..."

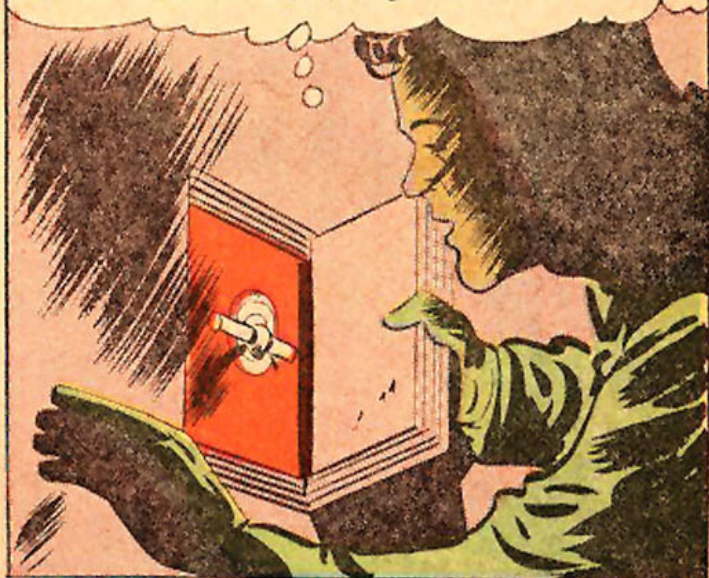


BUT NOBODY KNEW THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS,
AND NOBODY KNEW HIS **SORROW**, EXCEPT
MYRON MORGAN!

LITTLE DOES ANYBODY KNOW THAT THE "GENIUS"
BEHIND ALL THIS WEALTH AND POWER LIES
STOPPED UP IN A DIRTY OLD MEDICINE BOTTLE!
JUST AS MY **LIFE** IS CONTAINED IN A FEW
OUNCES OF ITS STRANGE FLUID!



I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AND SEE
HOW MUCH OF THE STUFF IS LEFT...
HAVEN'T SEEN IT IN SOME TIME!



GREAT GUNS! THERE'S SCARCELY
ANYTHING LEFT! THE LIQUID
IS ALMOST **GONE!**



THE CORK'S LEFT OUT
OF THE NECK... MY OWN
LIFE'S BLOOD...EVAPORATING!



I KNOW WHAT
I'LL DO. I'LL
WISH FOR
**MORE
LIQUID!**



IT DOESN'T WORK! NOTHING'S BEEN
ADDED...AND A PRECIOUS SIP OF ITS BEEN
WASTED...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? MY
LIFE'S AT STAKE!



I'VE GOT IT!...I'LL **DILUTE** THE
LIQUID WITH **WATER!**



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE KITCHEN

I CAN'T AFFORD TO ENDANGER THE **ENTIRE** CONTENTS WITH THIS EXPERIMENT, SO I'LL JUST USE A PORTION OF THE MAGIC LIQUID AND TRY DILUTING IT WITH WATER...IN THIS TEASPOON!



NOW I'LL WISH FOR SOMETHING SIMPLE. LIKE A \$1000...TO APPEAR ON THIS PANTRY SHELF!

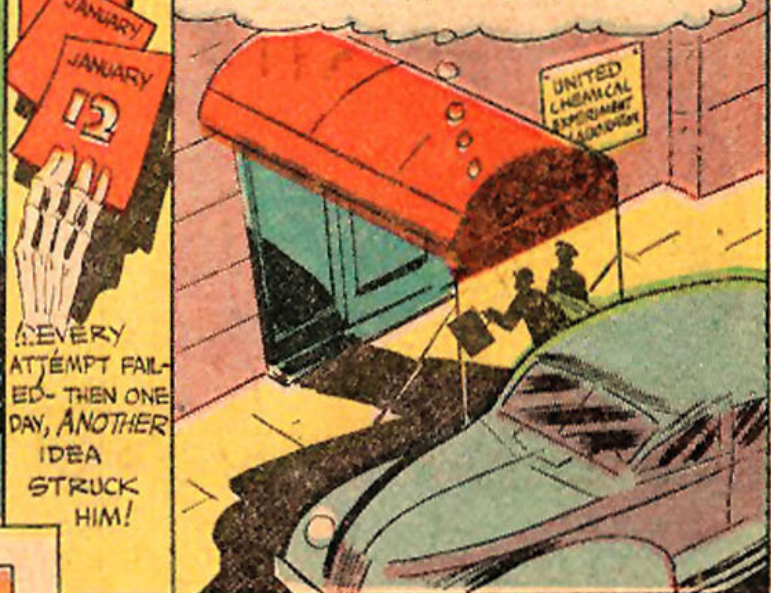


NOTHING! DILUTING THE STUFF ONLY **DE-STROYS** ITS POWER! ONLY THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATE WILL WORK! ...IT'S THE LIQUID **ITSELF** I MUST GET MORE OF!



JANUARY
JANUARY
JANUARY
12
EVERY ATTEMPT FAILED- THEN ONE DAY, ANOTHER IDEA STRUCK HIM!

I'LL MAKE FREMI, THE FAMOUS CHEMIST, ANALYZE THE LIQUID AND HAVE HIM MAKE **MORE** OF IT----



UPSTAIRS, IN FREMI'S LABORATORY...

WHY, THIS IS A VERY COMMON CONCOCTION, MR. MORGAN! I CAN DISTILL OIL WELLS OF THE STUFF FOR YOU!

YOU **CAN?** THEN MAKE A GALLON OF IT! **RIGHT NOW!** I'LL COME FOR THE OIL WELLS, LATER!



IF THIS WORKS, I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST, MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD! I'LL HAVE SOLE OWNERSHIP OF THE MOST WONDROUS POTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE!



AN HOUR LATER, IN THE DEN OF HIS HOME....

ANOTHER SECOND WILL
TELL THE STORY! I'LL
WISH FOR A SILVER PITCHER
TO POUR THE MAGIC
FLUID!



ANOTHER FAILURE! NOTHING!
THE SYNTHETIC LIQUID LACKS
SOME ESSENTIAL SPIRIT WHICH
RENDERS IT MAGICAL!...

AW, DADDY,
PLEASE...
GIVE
ME
SOME!



DOWN THE
HATCH!



DADDY, WHAT
ARE YOU DRINKING?
CAN I HAVE
SOME?



ONLY THING TO DO IS MAKE
A CONCRETE CONTAINER AND
SEAL THE BOTTLE IN IT, SO
THAT THE LIQUID REMAINS
UNTOUCHED FOREVER!

NO, DARLING,
THIS LIQUID
IS BAD FOR
YOU. IT'S BIT-
TER AND

ROTTEN-TASTING.
I'M GOING TO BUY
YOU AN ICE-CREAM
SODA INSTEAD!



AN ICE CREAM SODA?...OH,
GOODY! CAN I HAVE A
CHOCOLATE ONE WITH
TWO DIPS?

OF COURSE, DEAR.

I HAVE EVERYTHING I
NEED... A HOME... A
BEAUTIFUL WIFE
AND CHILD...
MILLIONS IN
THE BANK...

Later...

...IF I CONSERVE THE
LAST FEW DROPS, I'LL
HAVE COMPLETE INSURANCE
THAT I'LL CONTINUE TO LIVE
OUT MY NORMAL LIFE. I'LL
SEE ABOUT THAT CONCRETE
CONTAINER TOMORROW!



THE NEXT MORNING...

I WANT A CONCRETE RECEPTACLE FOR THIS BOTTLE...FOR PERMANENT SEALING! THERE MUST BE NO POSSIBILITY OF EVAPORATING, EITHER!

I GOTCHA... IT'S A CINCH TO MAKE! - HAVE IT FOR YOU IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!



AT MYRON MORGAN'S HOME, THAT NIGHT....

WHY, MYRON... YOU HAVEN'T DANCED LIKE THIS FOR ALMOST TWO WEEKS!

I KNOW, DEAREST, I HAVEN'T BEEN...ER... "WELL"...BUT NOW I THINK I'M GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!



I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, DARLING. I WANT OUR FOX HUNT PARTY TO BE A REAL SUCCESS... AND IT COULDN'T IF YOU WEREN'T HAPPY!

I'M GOING TO BE SUPREME HAPPY, RONNIE, FROM NOW ON!

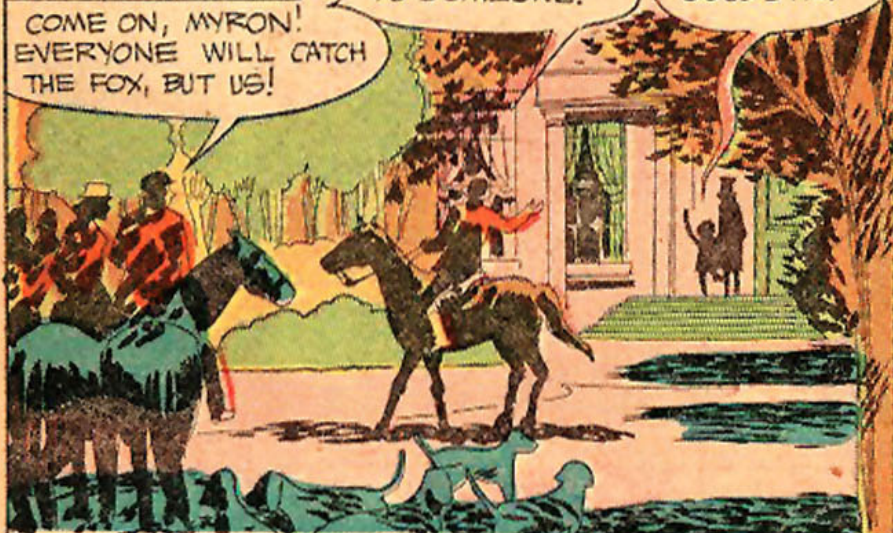


THE FOLLOWING DAY... THE FOX HUNT!

COME ON, MYRON! EVERYONE WILL CATCH THE FOX, BUT US!

WAIT A SECOND, RONNIE- I'VE GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO SOMEONE!

DADDY, DADDY! KISS ME GOODBYE!



AFTER DADDY KISSES YOU, YOU'LL GO INSIDE THE HOUSE LIKE A GOOD GIRL, AND PLAY? AND LISTEN TO NURSE!

YES, DADDY! I LOVE YOU DADDY!



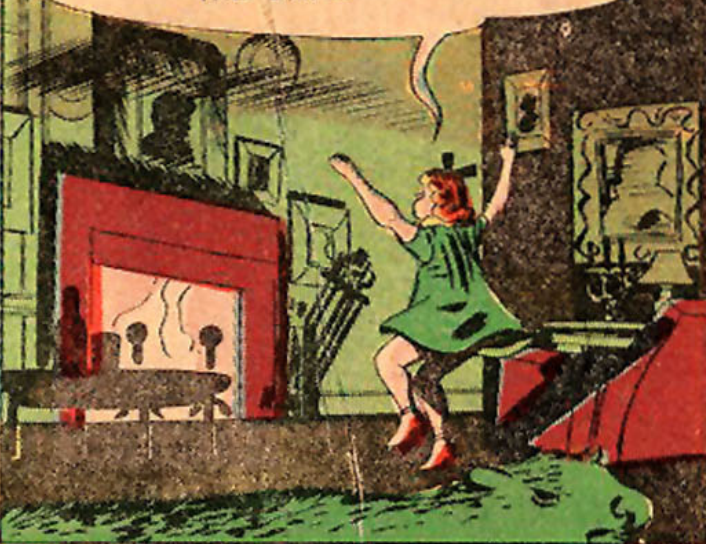
LET'S GO! GOD PITY THE FOX!

COME, DEAR. YOU HEARD WHAT DADDY SAID...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIBRARY....

I THINK I'LL PLAY BANKER LIKE MY DADDY DOES, AND SEE WHAT'S IN THE SAFE---



GEE WILLIKENS...FIRST I FIND THE LITTLE DOOR OPEN!... DADDY MUST HAVE FORGOT TO CLOSE IT. THEN I FIND THIS FUNNY-LOOKING BOTTLE. ...HOW DIRTY IT IS!



AT THE SAME TIME, ON THE FOX HUNT...

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR...ONCE THE MENACE OF LOSING THE LIQUID IN THE BOTTLE IS REMOVED!... AND THAT'LL BE SOON!...



HOW UGLY THE BOTTLE IS...I HATE IT! THERE!

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING? GET OFF THAT CHAIR BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF!



WH...
ARRRGH!

LOOK AT MORGAN, S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE LIBRARY...

YOU NAUGHTY GIRL! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! MAYBE YOUR DADDY

NEEDED THAT BOTTLE, AND SEE HOW YOU'VE SMASHED IT TO PIECES!

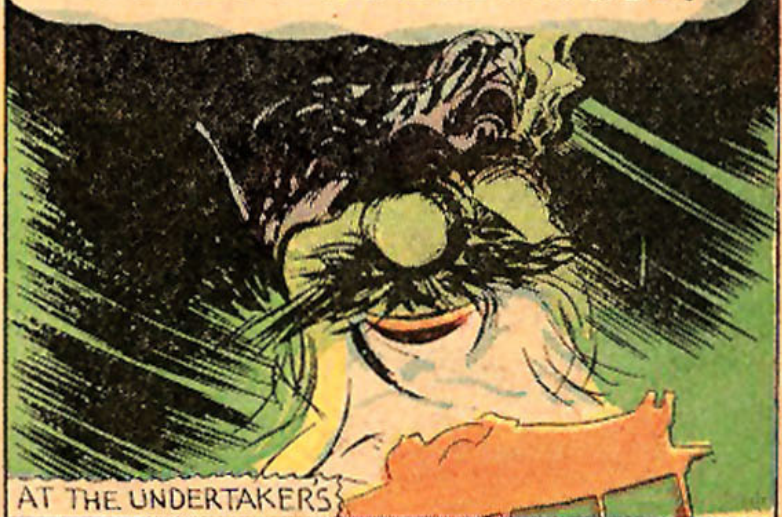
NEEDED IT!- YOU BET HE NEEDED IT, MADAM! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RICH MR. MYRON MORGAN WITHOUT IT!



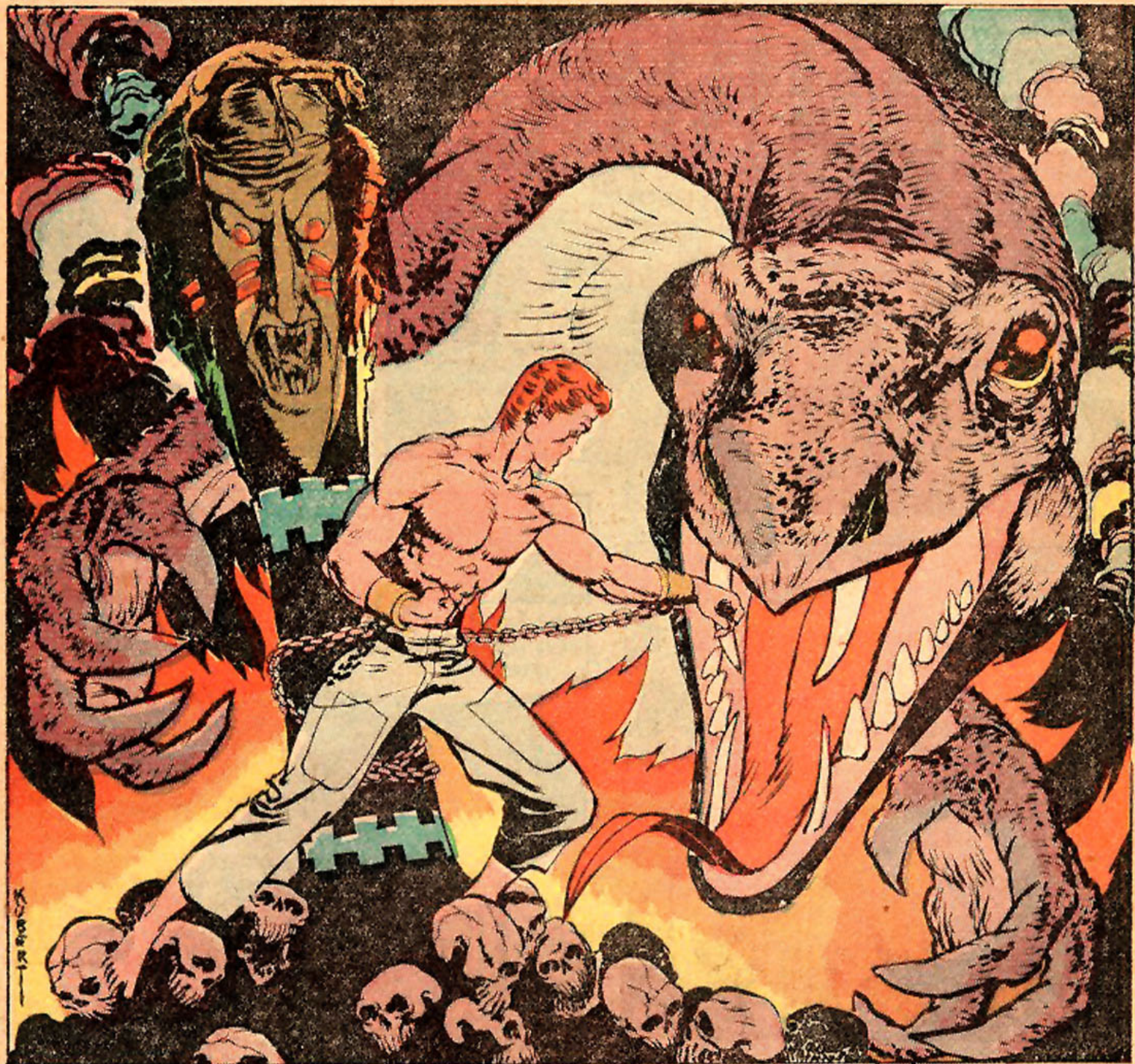
REMEMBER THIS, MY BOY? YOU LIKED IT SO WELL, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT NOW? OH, EXCUSE ME...I FORGOT! YOU CAN'T SEE AND YOU CAN'T THINK, CAN YOU, NOW?



...I HAVE TO DO YOUR THINKING AND SPEAKING FOR YOU! --WHAT A STORY YOU WOULD TELL IF YOU COULD ONLY SPEAK!



AT THE UNDERTAKERS



A U.S. MITCHELL BOMBER, ON A REGULAR CHARTING AND AERIAL EXPLORATION FLIGHT FROM ITS BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, RUNS INTO AN UNFORSEEN STORM... STRUGGLING TO REMAIN ALOFT, LITTLE DO THE AIRMEN KNOW THE HORRIBLE FATE THAT AWAITS THEM ON THE ISLAND OF **THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS!**



I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HER!---T-TH' CONTROLS ARE JAMMED!

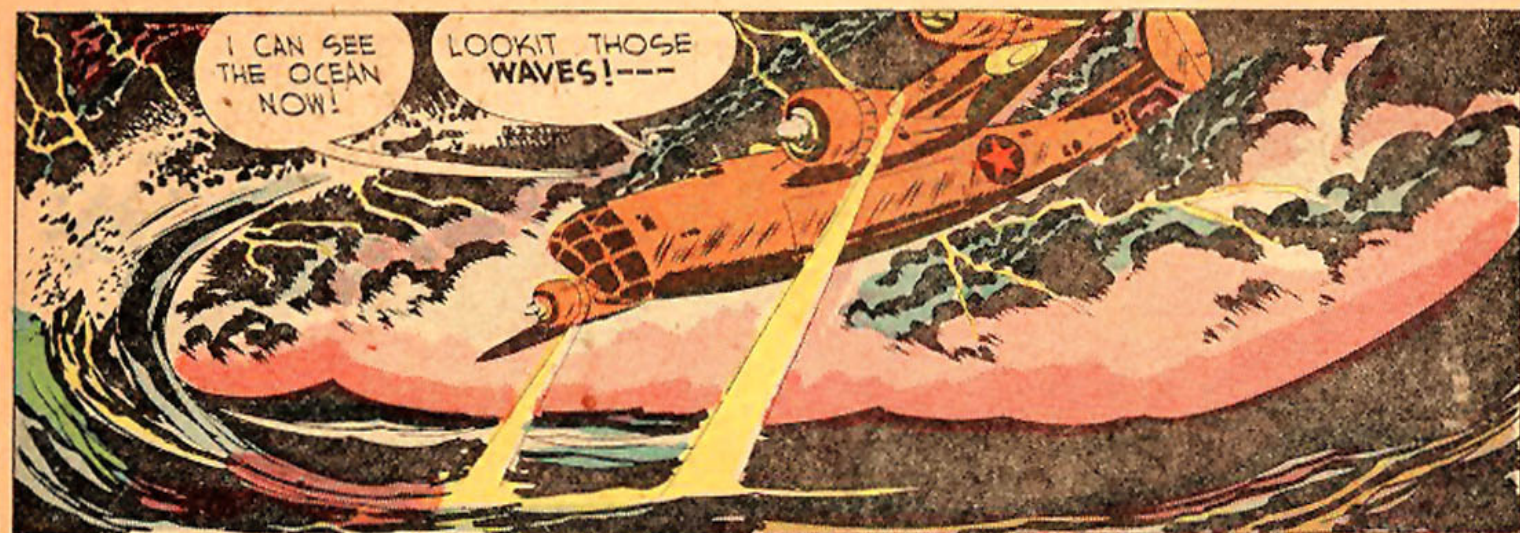
---FOR GOD'S SAKE--- LEVEL HER OUT FOR A CRASH LANDING---



WE'RE DONE FOR!... WE'RE G-GOING... DOWN...

WHERE ARE WE?--

WHAT'S TH' DIFF? I'M SAYIN' PRAYERS FOR WHERE I'M GONNA BE IN A MINUTE FROM NOW!



HOW YOU DOING?--- SHOULD BOTHERING YOU?

P-PLENTY!...BUT WHAT TH' HECK...I BEEN THINKIN' ALL ME LIFE WITH HALF A BRAIN-I GUESS I KIN DO A LITTLE SWIMMIN' WITH HALF ME SHOULDERS!



BOSS!---SHE'S DIVIN'---I MEAN, SHE'S DOVE!

JOE AND LENNY WEREN'T AS LUCKY AS US...DOOR GUYS!



I AIN'T SO SURE... MAYBE WE'RE JUST PROLONGIN THE AGONY!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

HOW IS HE?

NOT SO GOOD, MIKEY! ---AFTER THREE YEARS OF FIGHTIN' JAPS, AFTER SEEING THE WAR THROUGH TOGETHER, A LITTLE AERIAL SURVEYING LEADS TO FINDING...



---IT'S FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

YEAH, VERY FUNNY! THEM SHARKS THINK IT'S FUNNY, TOO! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THEY HAVE ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW...TH' EATIN' SIDE O' THINGS!



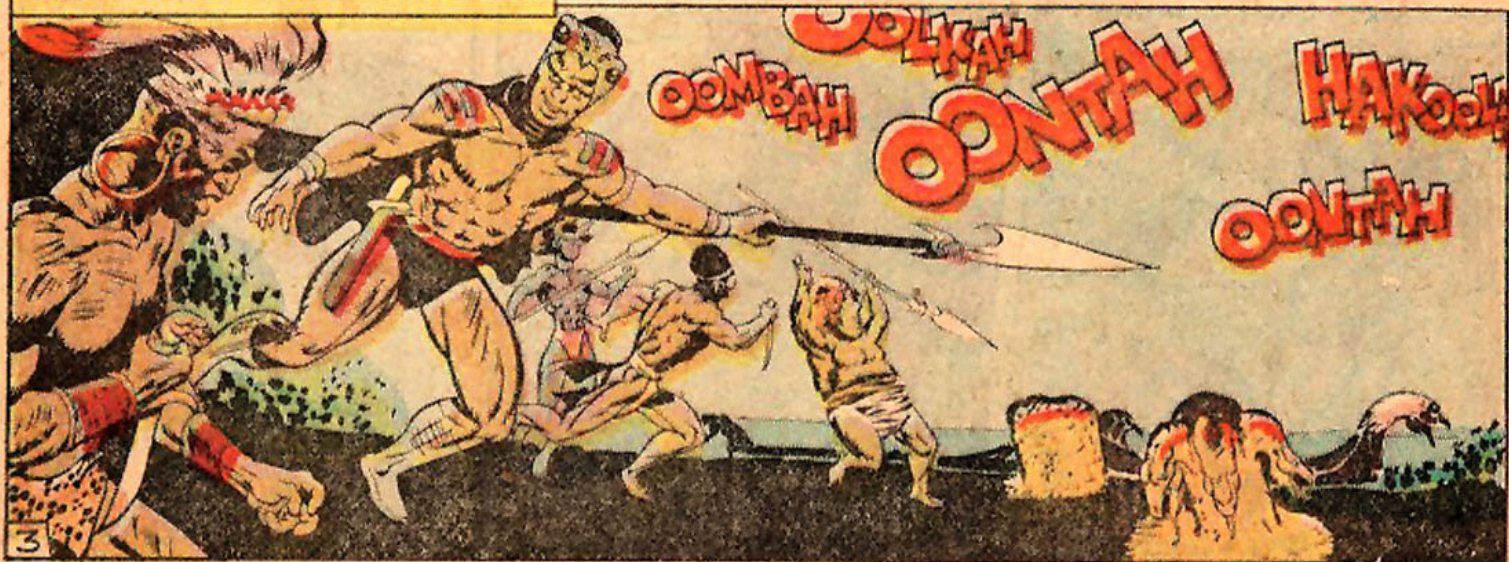
HOURS LATER, AS DAWN RISES...



LAND! WILL TH' BOSS BE SURPRISED WHEN HE WAKES UP! MAYBE FRIENDLY NATIVES ARE THERE... MAYBE...



ON THE ISLAND, A MORE STARTLING SURPRISE THAN THAT WHICH MIKEY ANTICIPATES IS PREPARED!



OOMBAAH OONTAH HAKOAH OONTAH



MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!-THEY'RE GOING TO TRAIL BERT'S BODY IN THE WATER... BUT THE SHARKS... THANK GOD, HE'S UNCONCIOUS!

N-NO... THEY COULDN'T... EVEN CANNIBALS DON'T COME THAT BLOODTHIRSTY!



MIKEY... ARE YOU THINKING OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?



AND ALL THAT REMAINS OF SGT. ALBERT WHITE, U.S. AIR CORPS, IS A SLIGHTLY BLOOD-TINGED PACIFIC OCEAN...

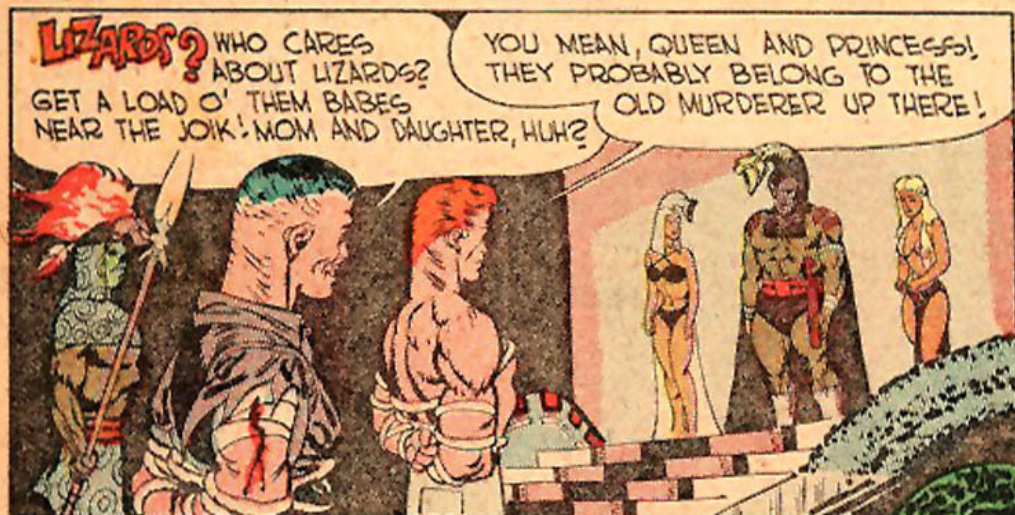
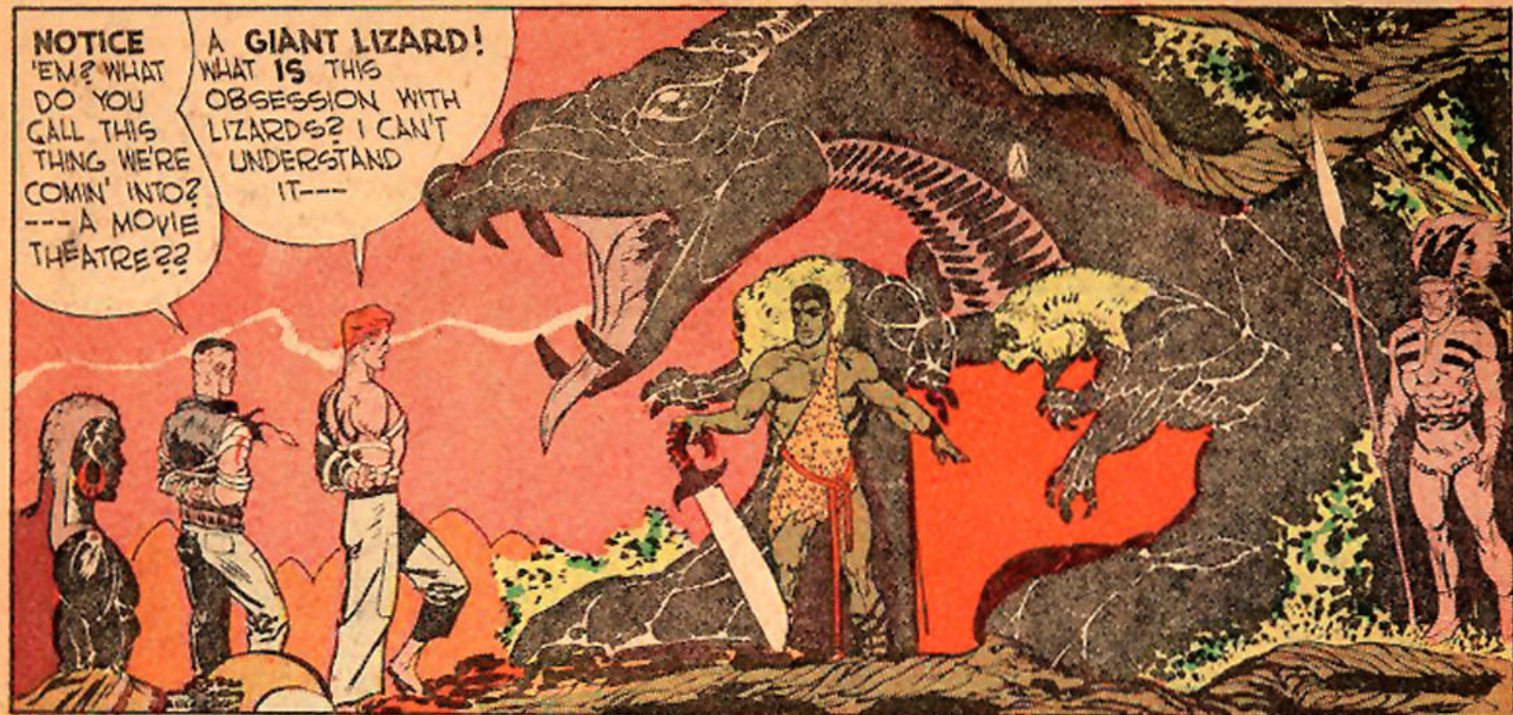


LATER, THROUGH THE 'STREETS' OF THE SAVAGE VILLAGE...

BOSS, FIRST WE THOUGHT JOE AN' LENNY WERE UNLUCKY GOING DOWN WITH THE PLANE. THEN SERGEANT WHITE, ATE UP BY SHARKS! NOW I THINK WE'RE THE UNLUCKY ONES! MIKE-

NOTICE HOW MANY LIZARD FETISHES THERE ARE IN THIS VILLAGE?





BUT AS IF WARNED BY A SIXTH SENSE---

TOO BAD! THE MONSTER HAS EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

OH.

BRASHA

WHY, YOU DIRTY---
LET ME G-GO---

DIDJA SEE TH' LOOK SHE GAVE TH' BIG CHEESE? IF I EVER SEEN MURDER IN A DAME'S EYES, IT'S IN HER'S!

WHERE TO NOW? WE GOIN' BYE-BYE AGAIN?

MAYBE THIS TIME FOR **GOOD**, JUDGING BY HIS GESTURES!!

TO ME IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEFIN' SOMETHIN' 'BOUT FOOD---ABOUT **EATIN'**! G-GOSH, SAM--- YOU DON'T THINK---

I DON'T KNOW... IT SURE **LOOKS** LIKE THAT. IT'S A CINCHE HE ISN'T FEEDING US!

THEN, OUT OF THE TEMPLE, THROUGH THE VILLAGE, AND ITS MYSTERIOUS WALL, INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLE...

WONDER WHAT THAT WALL IS FOR? A PROTECTION OF SOME KIND---BUT AGAINST **WHAT?**

LOOKA THAT---LIKE **LUNA PARK!**

BUT A LOT LESS FUN, MIKE! I'VE A HUNCH THAT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE... **OUR LINE!!**

AND WOT'S HE DOIN' ON TH' TOP O' THIS THING?---GWIN' TH' STATUE A HOTHEAD?

NO---HE MUST BE PREPARING A SIGNAL OF SOME KIND!



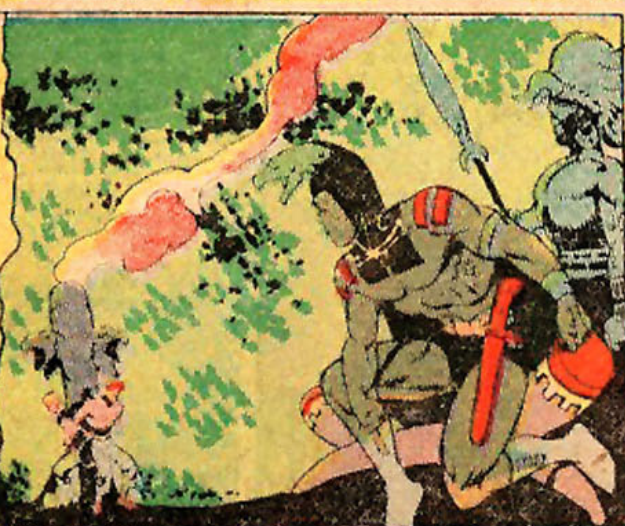
WHAT DID I TELL YOU, MIKE? RECOGNIZE THE ODOR OF THE STUFF HE'S BURNING?---IT'S SOME KIND O' FAT!

THAT SMELLS AWFUL!---WHAT'S IT MEAN, SAM?

AS THE ODOR DRIFTS ACROSS THE JUNGLE, IT'LL PROBABLY BE SNIFFED BY SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY WHO'S GOT A DIGESTIVE INTEREST IN US!



THE VILLAGERS RETURN TO THEIR HOMES! ALL EXCEPT NIKA, THE CHIEF...NIKA AND HIS BODYGUARDS REMAIN TO WITNESS THE SACRIFICE!



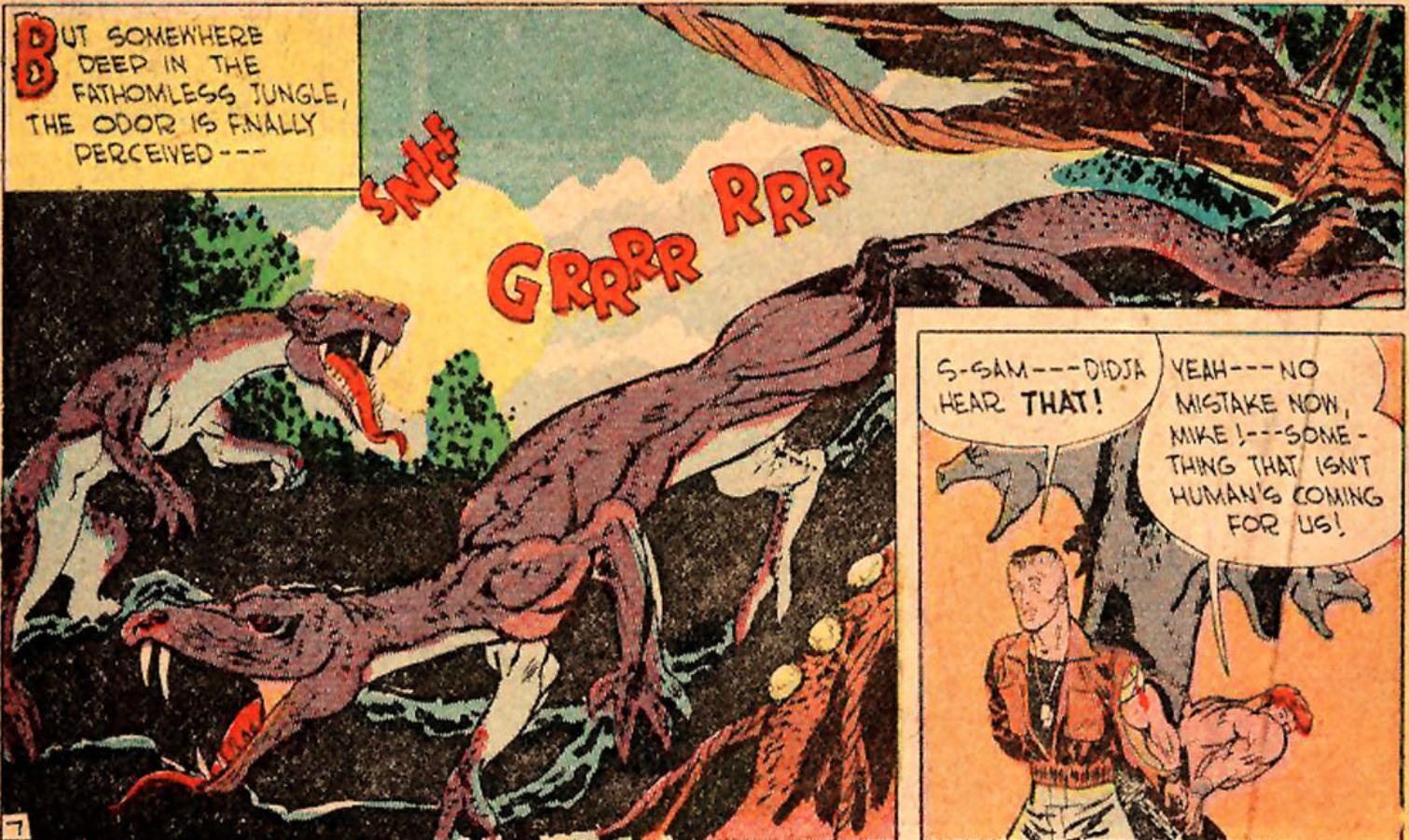
HOURS LATER, AS NIGHT DESCENDS UPON THE JUNGLE---

WOTTA SPOT!---THAT SMELL ALL AROUND US, AND I CAN'T EVEN HOLD ME NOSE!

WHATEVER'S COMING FOR US, OBVIOUSLY PROWLs AROUND ONLY AT NIGHT--A WHOLE DAY'S PASSED!



BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE FATHOMLESS JUNGLE, THE ODOR IS FINALLY PERCEIVED---



S-SAM---DIDJA HEAR THAT!

YEAH---NO MISTAKE NOW, MIKE!--SOME-THING THAT ISN'T HUMAN'S COMING FOR US!



THE SOUND IS ALSO
HEARD BY THE
VIGILANT SAVAGES,
WHEN---

GRRRR RR



SUDDENLY,
DEATH
STRIKES FROM
NO-
WHERE



A NOWHERE
THAT
MATERIALIZES
IN BEAUTIFULLY
SAVAGE FORM



THAT'S WHAT ALL
THE SCREAMING WAS
ABOUT---! THE
DAMES'RE RESCUING
US, TH' DARLIN'S!

GREAT SCOTT,
MIKE---
YOU'RE
RIGHT!



AFTER BINDING NIKA TO THE
SACRIFICIAL POST, THE
FOUR NEW-FOUND FRIENDS
HEAR THE THUNDERING
ROARS GETTING CLOSER!



THEN, CRASHING
THRU THE
JUNGLE INTO THE
CLEARING---

RRRRR



SAM! **LOOK!**
THAT'S
WHAT WE'RE
MISSIN'!

**GIANT LIZARDS!
MANEATING
LIZARDS---**

THAT'S WHAT ALL
THIS LIZARD
WORSHIP'S ABOUT!



WHEW! THEY
MUST BE BLIND,
NOT SEEING US
GO PAST SO
CLOSE TO
THEM!

THAT'S IT!
THAT EXPLAINS
THE **FAT
BURNING!**
THE MONSTERS
ARE BLIND...
LUCKILY FOR
US!



AS THE AMERICANS WITH NATIVE
ESCORT RACE TO FREEDOM,
NIKA BEGINS TO REALIZE THE
MEANING OF---



SACRIFICE



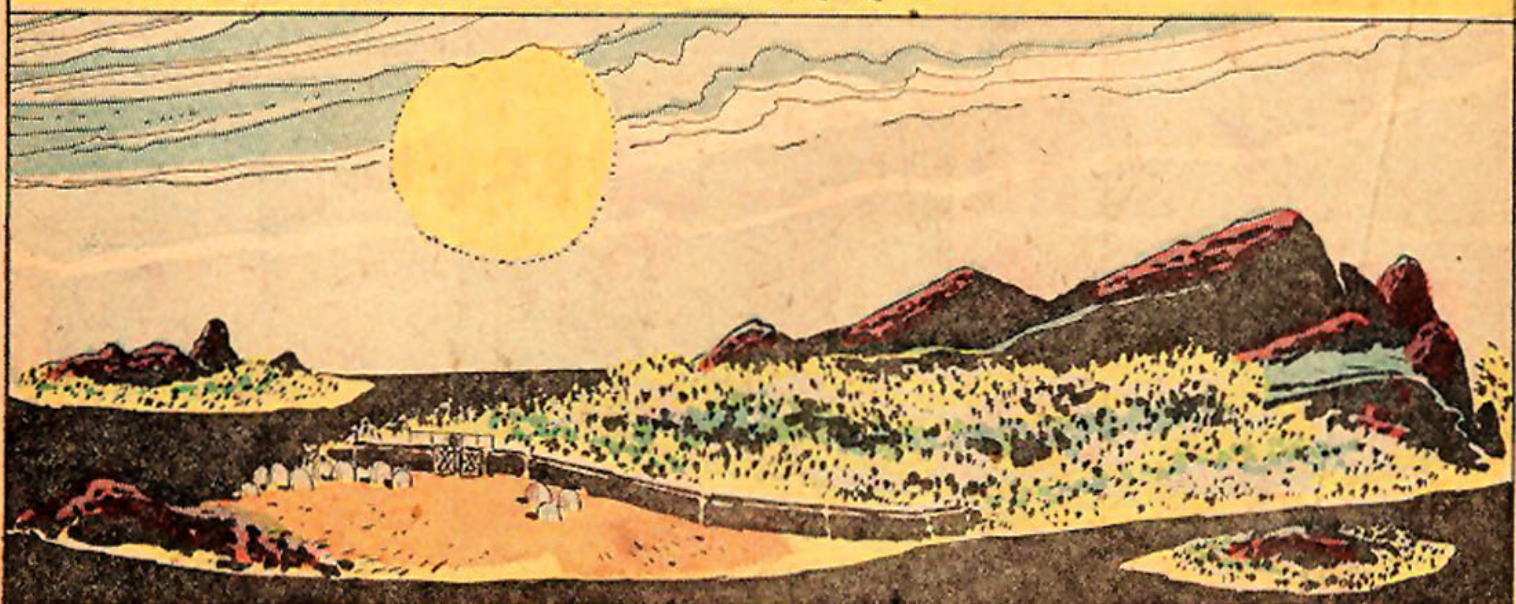
AS THE SKY REDDENS WITH DAWN, FAR
OUT AT SEA, FAR FROM THE
ISLAND OF THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS--

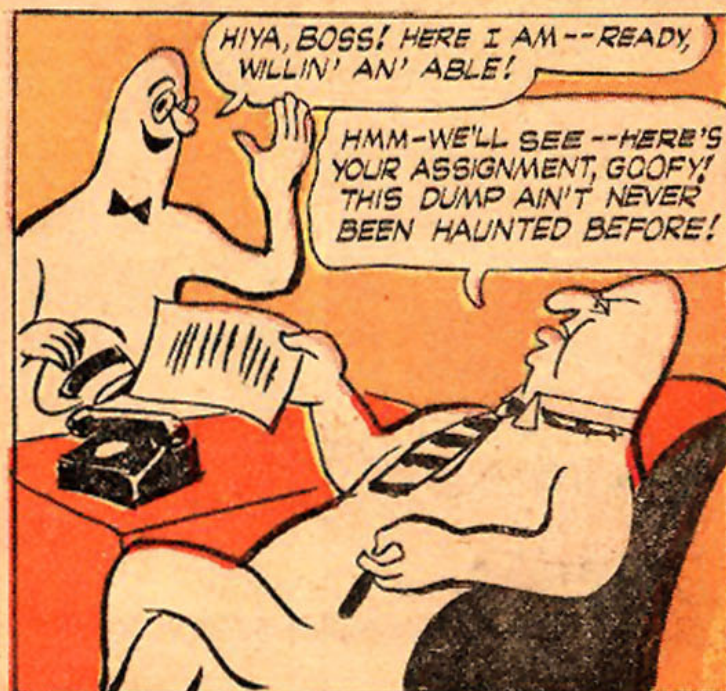
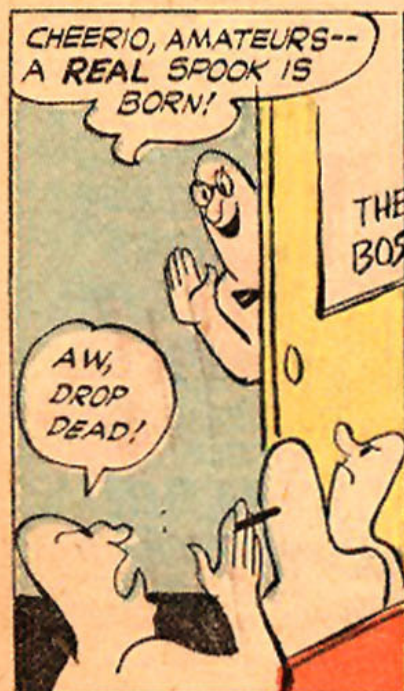
FIRST THEY SAVE US
FROM SOLVING THE
MEAT SHORTAGE FOR
LIZARDS, THEN THEY
TELL US WHERE TO
FIND PEACEFUL NATIVES!
LAST OF ALL, THEY'RE
NUTS ABOUT US!--
WHAT COULD BE
SWEETER, SAM?

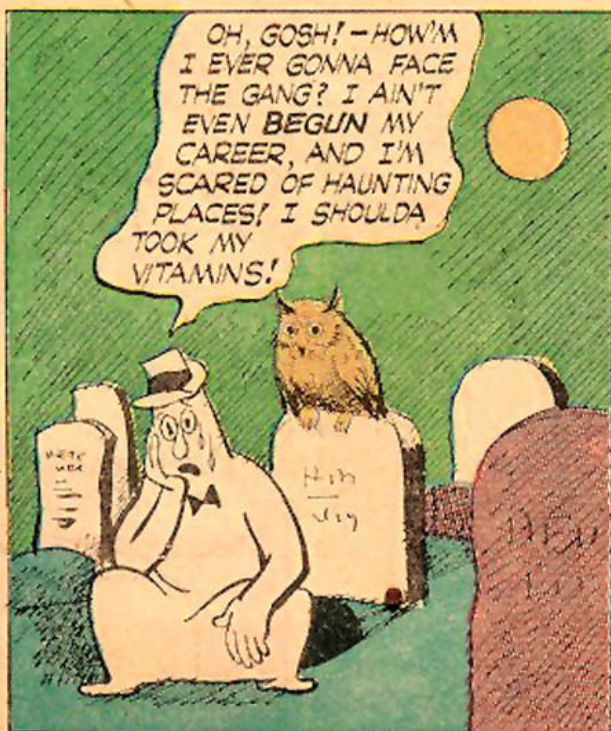
THE REPORT I'M
MAKING OUT WHEN
WE GET BACK TO
BASE! THE U.S.A.
HAS A LOT OF
BARBARISM TO
WIPE OUT AND A
LOT OF LIZARD-
HUNTING TO DO,
BEFORE THIS OLD
PACIFIC OCEAN IS
REALLY PEACEFUL!!



SAM AND MIKE REACHED THEIR BASE A FEW DAYS LATER... A BOMBER SQUADRON MAKES
SHORT WORK OF THE ISLAND'S STRANGE, BLOODTHIRSTY INHABITANTS ---AND NOW, THE
ISLAND LIES PEACEFULLY ON THE VAST PACIFIC









The door opened and a pleasant-looking girl with a quiet gaze led Mr. Grohson into the sitting room.

"My sister will be down presently," said the girl, disappearing with his coat and hat.

Grohson wondered what Mrs. Grohson would be like, whether she, too, would give him the cold reception he had received in this gloomy little village. A district attorney come to a village to convict a native son of murder despite the man's passionate denial of it, cannot be very popular with the townspeople when they are in sympathy with the accused.

At any rate, there was a strong fire blazing in the fireplace to offset the November cold. Grohson took a position in front of the snapping blaze and spread grateful palms toward the warmth. He look down at his feet, surprised that they should remain so cold in spite of the fire. But drafts of cool air were coming from somewhere inside the house. As he crouched near the floor in front of the fireplace, moving his hands about, slowly, suspiciously, the girl returned.

Grohson caught sight of her and stood erect. "Seems to be a draft somewhere in the house," he commented, by way of explaining his actions.

The girl did not reply. She took a

seat at the opposite end of the room and folded her hands in her lap.

"How long do you mean to stay?" asked the girl, following an embarrassing stillness.

"That's hard to say. It depends." Clearly, this girl shared the attitude of the villagers, who seemed satisfied with the defendant's explanation that he shot and killed his brother, thinking him a robber . . . What a naive alibi! Perhaps, Grohson frequently mused, only a *guiltless* man could be so unsubtle as to base his defense on a momentary, though fatal, delusion.

"Do you know anything about my older sister?" inquired the girl.

"Very little. Only that she had a few rooms for tourists."

"Then you know next to nothing about her?" persisted the girl.

"Only her name and address," acknowledged the visitor. Why was the girl so insistent? Grohson wondered what there was about the house that made him feel nervous. Had it anything to do with *Mrs. Brougham*? And then, that blamed, shivery draft along the floor! Grim lines appeared along the girl's mouth. A certain harshness entered her voice.

"My sister's tragedy happened exactly one year ago," said the girl. "I don't suppose anybody told you."

"Her *tragedy*?" repeated Grohson.

"You may be curious why we keep



the rear door open on a cold November day," said the girl, rising and walking toward the hallway. She nodded to Grohson and Grohson followed her. The kitchen door leading to the garage of the house was wide open and blasts of freezing air gusted madly into the room. The door was restrained from violent swinging by a cord tied around the doorknob and fixed to a steampipe behind the door. Grohson's jaws gaped with amazement.

"I don't understand," gasped Grohson, quailing before the winds that whipped into the kitchen. "What has this *open door* got to do with your sister's *tragedy*?"

"Through that door, one year ago to the day, my brother-in-law and his son went for a drive. They never came back. In crossing a bridge they swerved to avoid collision with a car coming from the opposite direction and crashed through the guard rails, falling fifty feet into the river . . . where they drowned. It was days before their bodies were recovered. When they were, the corpses looked too gruesome to be exhibited and were never seen by my sister. That's the terrible part of it." Here the girl's voice lost its reserve and broke down into something stumblingly pathetic. "Poor Helen always thinks that her husband and son will *come*

back one day, and burst in through that door laughing as they used to do. That is why the door is left open every afternoon until it is quite dark. Do you know, Mr. Grohson, sometimes on a crisp, icy afternoon like this, I *myself* get an eerie feeling that they will come in again through that door—"

The girl broke off with a shudder that was not occasioned by the cold. Then, despondently, they returned to the sitting room, where Grohson sat for a time, staring unhappily into the fireplace. The girl just looked at the floor at her feet. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Brougham flurried into the room with a swirl of apologies for being so late.

"I hope Clara has been entertaining you?" she said.

"Your sister has been most interesting," replied Grohson.

"I hope you don't mind our open door," Mrs. Brougham went on. "My husband and son will soon be at home. They just went down to the railroad station to pick up some gardening tools."

"Have *you* any children, Mr. Grohson?" Mrs. Brougham asked very sweetly. Grohson replied gruffly that he wasn't fortunate enough to be married. Mrs. Brougham continued to talk about Teddy and her husband. —As if they were actually going to

enter the room at any moment. Grohson listened with horror to a whole series of anecdotes about the little family. The thing was so appalling!—Mrs. Brougham would remain unchanged forever. And *the door!* . . . That door would be open forever, awaiting people who could never materialize in this life!

It was in the midst of some inconsequential debate that Mrs. Brougham straightened up in alertness . . . She raised her finger and cocked her head brightly. "*They're coming!*" she said.

Grohson looked at the girl in amazement. The girl's face was a blank. Her eyes widened.

Mrs. Brougham clasped her hands joyously. "Back just in time for Teddy's afternoon milk!"

The girl rose hastily and began to comfort her older sister, who protested, "What are you talking about, Clara . . . they're NOT coming? Why, I head them *distinctly!* Ben's car is making the turn into the driveway now!"

It was true. The cold coughing of a car was audible. The girl's eyes started from her head as she heard something roar to a stop behind the house. Mrs. Brougham's face was wreathed in smiles. "They're back! They're back!" she cried, rapturously. Grohson felt faint. Even the draft along the floor grew colder. Outside, a car door slammed and voices rang forth in a merry argument. The girl tossed a glance at the hallway leading to the kitchen and then began to shrink toward the fireplace, with one hand clutching her throat. Grohson knew the blood was drained from his own face. A heavy footfall sounded in the hallway and then a quick patter of feet. Mrs. Brougham sprang to the hallway and shouted, "Darling!" Her arms were outstretched gayly. Both Grohson and the girl stood shoulder to shoulder, their backs to the fire, terror crystallizing in their ashen-pale faces. They screamed simultaneously, as a little

child bounded into the room and a tall, strapping fellow in a plaid mackinaw took Mrs. Brougham in his laughing embrace.

"That's Mr. Grohson, darling," introduced Mrs. Brougham, indicating the shrieking man at the fireplace. Brougham came at Grohson with a large hand cordially extended. "Put it there!" he boomed. Grohson struck wildly at the apparition's hand and filled the room with his shrieks. The girl was shrieking, too, her hands to her temples, but a strange note had crept into her voice. Grohson, whose heart felt like ice, stared at the girl. She was . . . LAUGHING!—Could it be hysteria?

But Mrs. Brougham was laughing, too. And Teddy, her dead child! And Mr. Brougham!—Why, he was roaring with mirth, tears coursing down his cheeks! Grohson stopped screaming and watched them, struck dumb with astonishment.

"Why are you all . . . l-laughing?" he managed to say, haltingly, fearfully. The girl pointed a finger at Grohson, narrowed her eyes, and stopped laughing. So did the others, completely. The room was silent as a tomb.

"There, Mr. Prosecutor . . . there is your proof! Your PROOF, do you hear! So you don't believe in illusions! You didn't believe George Macready's story about how he accidentally shot his brother! What do you say NOW, eh? Is it possible to have delusions? Is it possible to mistake people, eh?—Even the LIVING for the DEAD?"

In a moment, district attorney Grohson understood everything. It had all been an ingenious, chilling trick! He bowed his head. He had learned something. And he never forgot his lesson.

To witness: Two weeks later, George Macready was released from murder charges. Mr. Grohson's grounds for dropping the case: Macready had an illusion . . . a *very strange illusion!*

MYSTERY MURDER MANOR



THROUGHOUT LOUISIANA, THE MURDER MANOR WAS A NAME SYMBOLIZING TERROR!

MANY A DEAD MAN KNEW ITS SECRET BUT NO LIVING MAN !!!

BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS FROM LEARNING THE

"MYSTERY OF MURDER MANOR!"

A TROPICAL GALE CATCHES JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS WHILE THEY GO EXPLORING LOUISIANA'S BAYOU COUNTRY--

I'D RATHER STAY ON THE WATER THAN ON THIS HAUNTED LAND, JOHNNY!

BECAUSE OF THAT SILLY LEGEND ABOUT MURDER MANOR?... NONSENSE!



IT'S BETTER TO SEEK SHELTER IN MURDER MANOR THAN TO DROWN IN SNAKE CREEK! THIS'S ONE OF THE WORST GALES I'VE EVER BEEN IN!

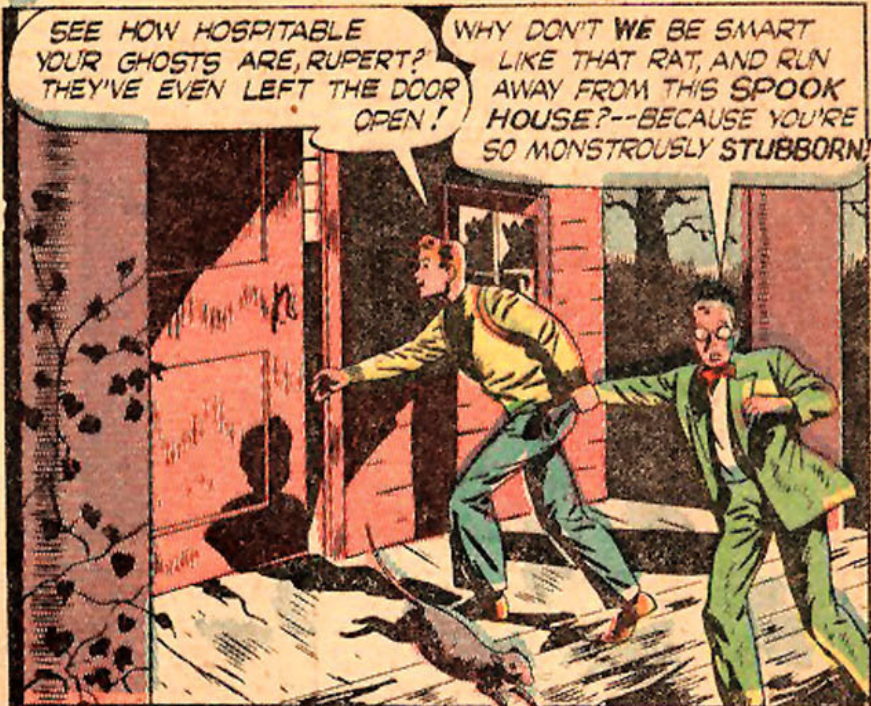
WELL, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU THAT A LOT OF MEN HAVE GONE INTO MURDER MANOR-- BUT NONE'S COME OUT!





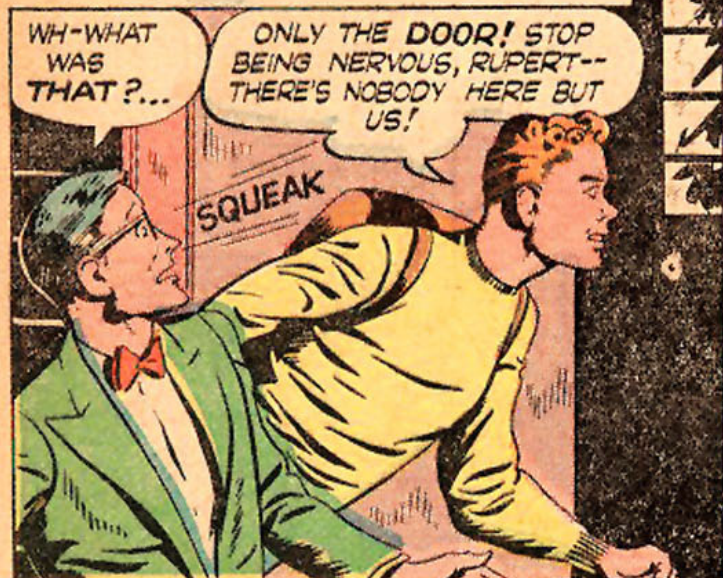
THERE'S
MURDER
MANOR,
NOW!

THEN LET'S
GET AWAY
WHILE WE
STILL HAVE
THE CHANCE!!



SEE HOW HOSPITABLE
YOUR GHOSTS ARE, RUPERT?
THEY'VE EVEN LEFT THE DOOR
OPEN!

WHY DON'T WE BE SMART
LIKE THAT RAT, AND RUN
AWAY FROM THIS SPOOK
HOUSE?--BECAUSE YOU'RE
SO MONSTROUSLY STUBBORN!



WH-WHAT
WAS
THAT?...

ONLY THE DOOR! STOP
BEING NERVOUS, RUPERT--
THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT
US!

SQUEAK



I'M NOT SO SURE --
NOBODY'S HERE --
WHAT ABOUT GHOSTS?

...I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
GHOSTS!



NICE AND DRY
FOR A BROKEN-
DOWN HOUSE!
IT'LL DO US FOR
THE NIGHT!

J-JOHNNY!
L-LOOK!!



A DEAD
MAN!!
H-HANGED!

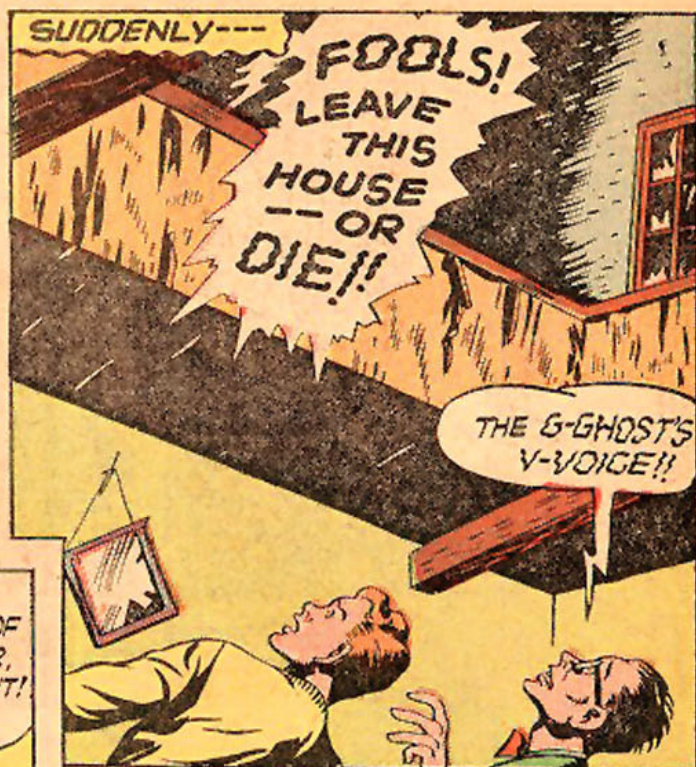


DEAD ABOUT A
WEEK, I'D SAY!
BUT... WHY?

YOU-- YOU
AREN'T
GOING TO
STOP TO FIND
OUT--ARE
YOU, J-JOHNNY?



I CERTAINLY AM! I'M SEARCHING THIS HOUSE FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR TILL I FIND OUT WHY THAT MAN WAS KILLED!!



SUDDENLY---

FOOLS!
LEAVE
THIS
HOUSE
--OR
DIE!!

THE G-GHOST'S
V-VOICE!!



THAT VOICE HAD A
QUEER, HIGH-PITCHED
RING THAT WASN'T
HUMAN!

OF COURSE
IT WASN'T
HUMAN! I TOLD
YOU--IT'S A
GHOST'S VOICE!
LET'S GO-- ANY
STORM'S BETTER
THAN THIS
AWFUL PLACE!



YOU KNOW
THE LEGEND OF
MURDER MANOR,
RUPERT--I DON'T!
WHAT IS IT?

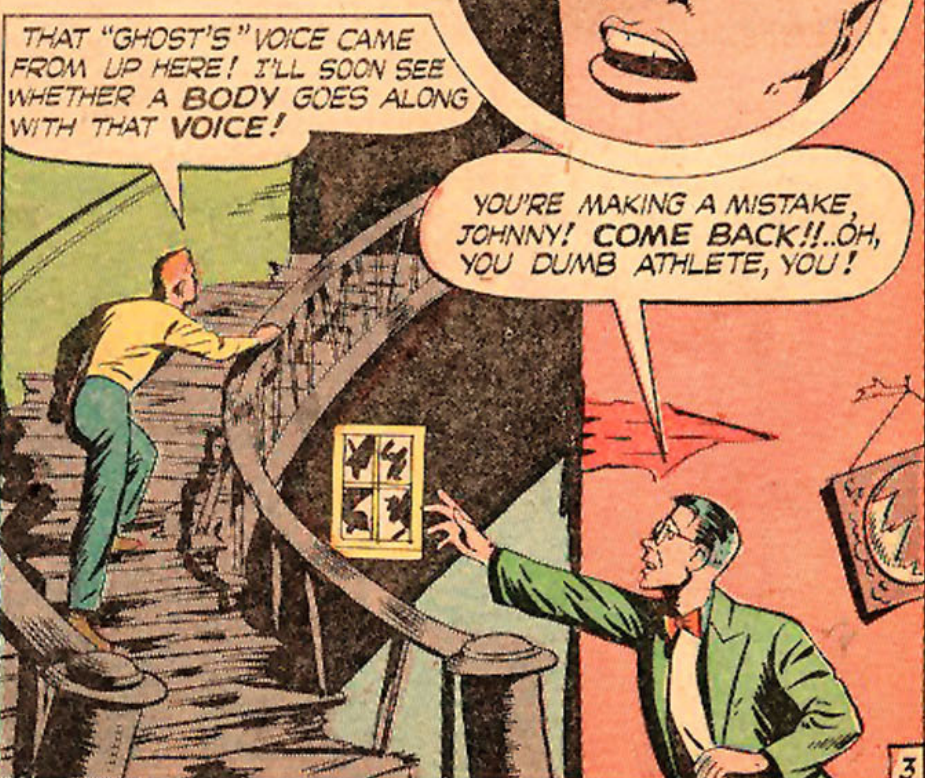
LAST CENTURY, SOME-
BODY BROUGHT
PIRATE TREASURE
TO MURDER MANOR,
AND BURIED IT HERE.

--THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF
PIRATES ALL OVER THE GULF
OF MEXICO--ONE OF THEM
THOUGHT OF HIDING HIS GOLD
IN THIS DESERTED MANSION!-
EVER SINCE THEN, ANY MAN
WHO'S COME TO MURDER
MANOR GOT MURDERED
--OR--OR-- SOMETHING!



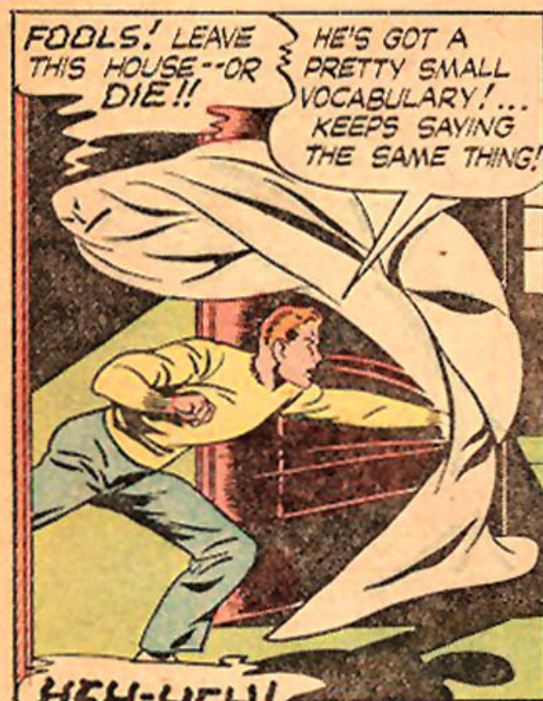
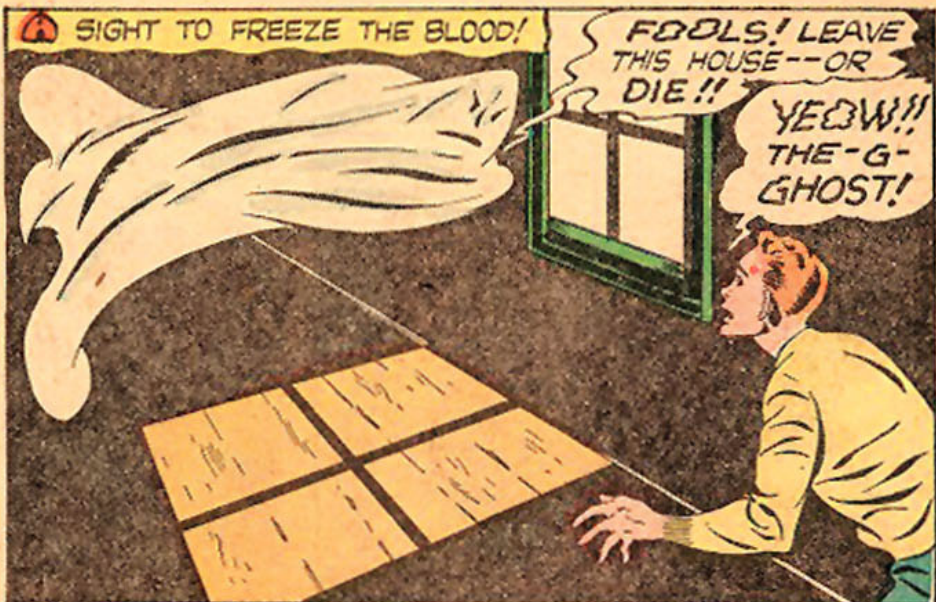
IT'S A CINCH THE
ORIGINAL PIRATE
ISN'T ALIVE TO
CAUSE ALL THE KILLING!..
NOBODY LIVES A
CENTURY!

BUT A
GHOST
CAN!!



THAT "GHOST'S" VOICE CAME
FROM UP HERE! I'LL SOON SEE
WHETHER A BODY GOES ALONG
WITH THAT VOICE!

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE,
JOHNNY! COME BACK!!..OH,
YOU DUMB ATHLETE, YOU!





TRY TO GET MY TREASURE, WILL YOU? TRY IT-- AND DIE!!

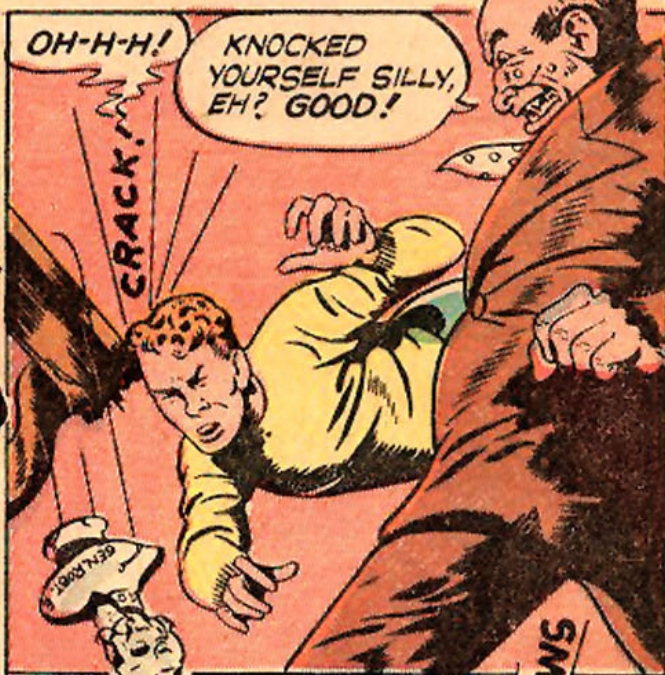


J-JOHNNY!
H-HELP!!

NOBODY CAN HELP YOU NOW! HEH-HEH! THE GHOST GOT JOHNNY! JOHNNY'S DEAD!



...NOT YET, MY HANDSOME FRIEND!



OH-H-H!

KNOCKED YOURSELF SILLY, EH? GOOD!

CRACK!

SMASH-H



OOO-OO-O!
WHAT A CRACK!

NOW TO CUT YOUR THROAT!
CUT-THROAT FASHION!



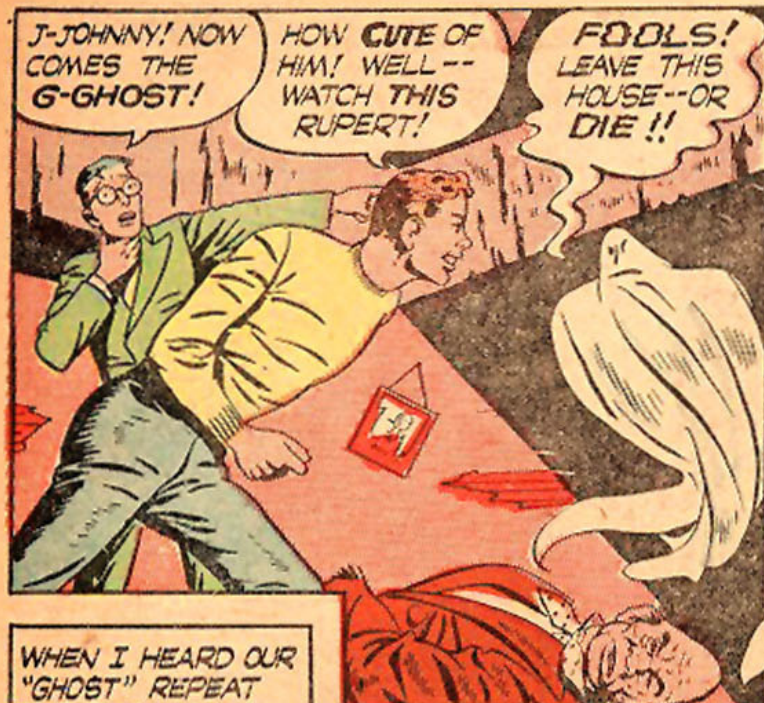
MY FAVORITE CONFEDERATE GENERAL! "BOB LEE"! HERE TO HELP A SON OF THE SOUTH!



HERE'S THE KIND OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY WE DISH' OUT TO THE LIKES OF YOU!

SMASH-H

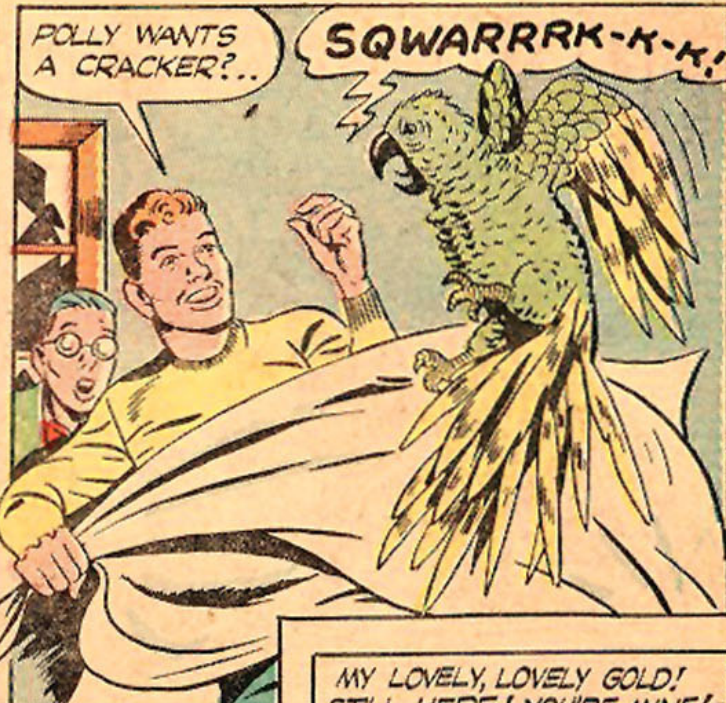
URGH-H



J-JOHNNY! NOW COMES THE G-GHOST!

HOW CUTE OF HIM! WELL-- WATCH THIS RUPERT!

FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!



POLLY WANTS A CRACKER?..

SQWARRRK-K-K!



WHEN I HEARD OUR "GHOST" REPEAT THE SAME THING-- AND SAW IT FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE SHEET-- I SUSPECTED IT WAS ONLY A BIRD WITH AN ILL OMEN--! A PARROT!

FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!!



MY TREASURE! I-I MUST SEE IF MY TREASURE IS SAFE!

SH-H! WE'LL TRAIL HIM--! I WANT TO LOOK AT THIS FAMOUS TREASURE!



MY LOVELY, LOVELY GOLD! STILL HERE! YOU'RE MINE!-- ALL MINE! NOBODY CAN TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME! EMERALDS! PEARLS!-- MILLIONS OF GOLD PIECES! ALL MINE!

COME ON, RUPERT! LET'S SEE THESE RICHES!



NO! NO! DON'T TAKE MY TREASURE FROM ME--!

THIS OLD SEAMAN IS OBVIOUSLY CRACKED, RUPERT!..TREASURE? THESE ARE ONLY WORTHLESS PEBBLES AND SEA SHELLS!

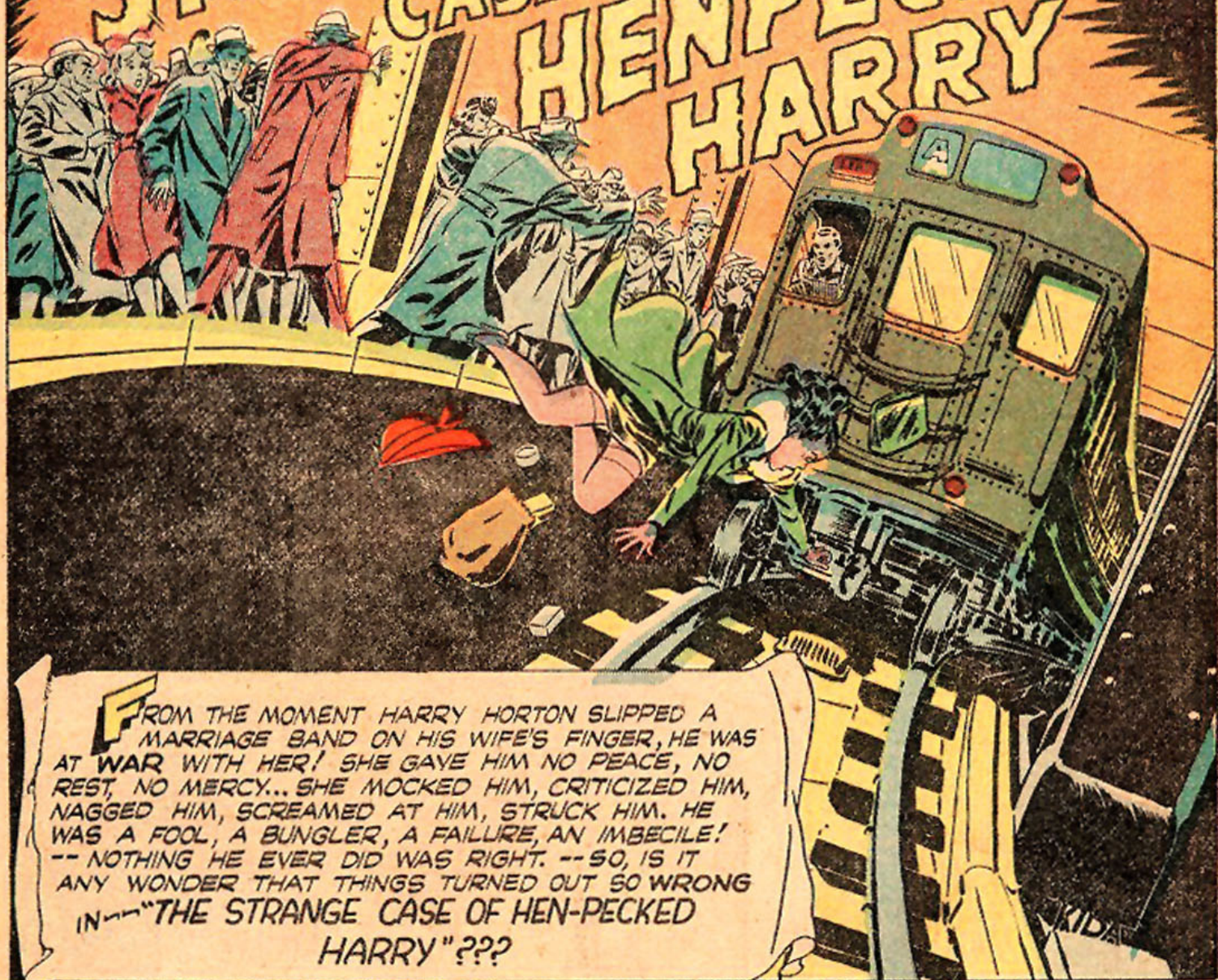


SOMEHOW, YEARS AGO, THIS LOONY SEAMAN MUST'VE HEARD OF THE LEGEND OF MURDER MANOR, AND TRIED TO MAKE IT COME TRUE! HE TAUGHT HIS PARROT TO SCREAM AND TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY--!



--HE KILLED THAT POOR TRAMP UPSTAIRS IN THE LIBRARY--AND WOULD'VE KILLED US--THINKING WE WERE AFTER HIS FOOL'S GOLD! RUPERT, NOW WE CAN TELL THE POLICE THE MYSTERY OF MURDER MANSION!

THE STRANGE CASE OF HENPECKED HARRY



FROM THE MOMENT HARRY HORTON SLIPPED A MARRIAGE BAND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO PEACE, NO REST, NO MERCY... SHE MOCKED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, NAGGED HIM, SCREAMED AT HIM, STRUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A BUNGLER, A FAILURE, AN IMBECILE! -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT. -- SO, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG IN "THE STRANGE CASE OF HEN-PECKED HARRY"???

G-GOSH! SHE'LL EAT MY HEAD OFF--I'M SO LATE!

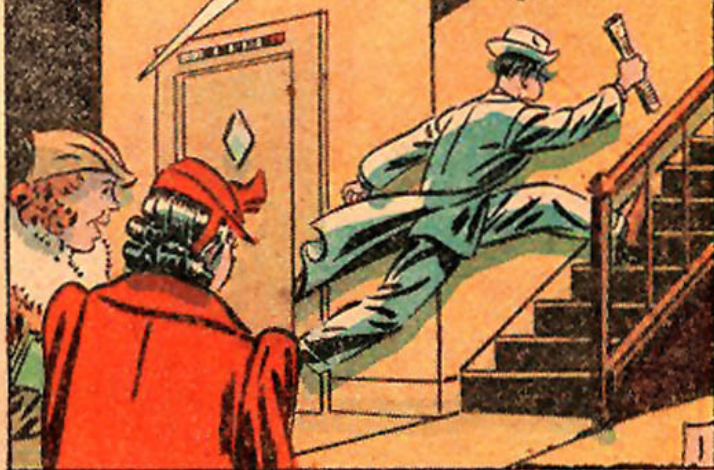
HA-HA! THERE GOES SCAIRDY-CAT HORTON!

WHATSA MATTER, MR. HORTON? SCARED YER WIFE'LL BEAT YA UP AGAIN?



CAN'T WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR TO COME DOWN-- I'LL RUN THE SIX FLIGHTS!

THAT'S THE MR. HORTON I WAS TELLIN' YOU ABOUT! HE'S RUNNIN' CAUSE HE'S LATE!



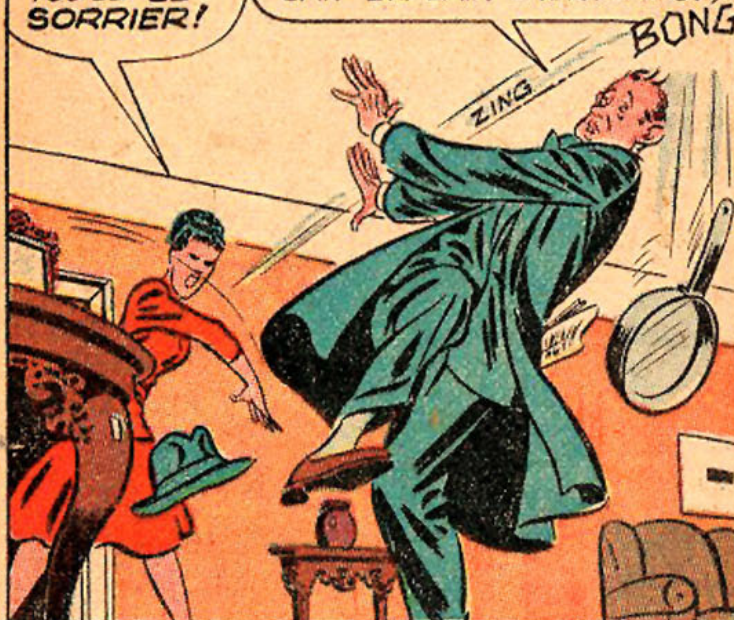
...BUT 'TWO'N'T DO NO GOOD! SHE'LL YELL
JUST THE SAME! YOU'LL HEAR HER
WAY UP AND DOWN THE COURT!

LET'S GET UPSTAIRS
FAST, SO'S WE CAN
LISTEN!



YOU MEAN
YOU'LL BE
SORRIER!

H-HELEN! PLEASE...! I--I--
CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!



UPSTAIRS--

H-HELEN?? I'M SORRY
I'M LATE! :-



THERE IS NO EXPLANATION! YOU'RE LATE!
DELIBERATELY LATE! YOU DID IT TO EX-
ASPERATE ME! YOU KNOW I'VE GOT
LAMB CHOPS FOR SUPPER, IN THE OVEN!
NOT ONLY DO I HAVE TO COOK, CLEAN,
AND WORK FOR YOU, BUT I HAVE TO PUT
UP WITH ALL YOUR WICKED, MALICIOUS
TRICKS!

BUT HELEN, IT'S THE
FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN
LATE IN A YEAR!



LOOK AT THAT PAPER! LOOK HOW **CRUMPLED**
IT IS! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU
I WANT TO READ THE PAPER FIRST!

I F-FORGOT...



AND IS THIS WHERE YOU PUT YOUR OVERCOAT?
IS THAT WHY I KEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN?
--FOR YOU TO THROW YOUR DIRTY OVER-
COAT ALL OVER THE FURNITURE?

HELEN, THE COAT'S NOT
DIRTY... I JUST....
OH-H-H--



LOOK WHAT YOU TRUCKED INTO THE HOUSE!!
ALL THE DIRT IN THE STREET! LOOK AT
THAT CARPET, YOU FOOL! JUST LOOK AT
IT... IT'S
RUINED!

G-GOSH, HOW DID
THAT HAPPEN...?



HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU IMBECILE!?!
HOW DO **ALL** THE STUPID THINGS YOU
DO, HAPPEN? BECAUSE YOU'RE A NUMB-
SKULL - A TORTURER, A CURSE ON MY
MARRIED LIFE!

BUT...
BUT...

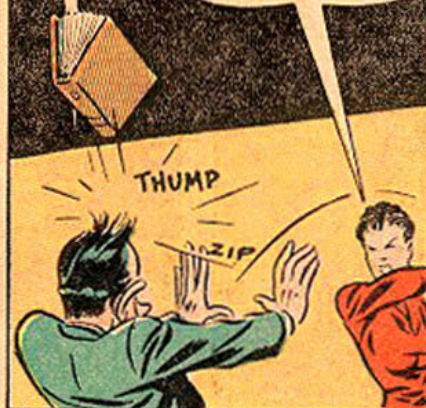


BUT... **YEOWWW!**
YOU'RE KNOCKING
OVER THE
LAMP!



I-I-C-COULDN'T
HELP IT, HELEN!
I DIDN'T SEE--
OWWW!

IDIOT!
YOU
IDIOT!
YOU
DELIBER-
ATELY SMASHED
MY BEST
LAMP!



WHAM

OWWW

N-NO!
DON'T!

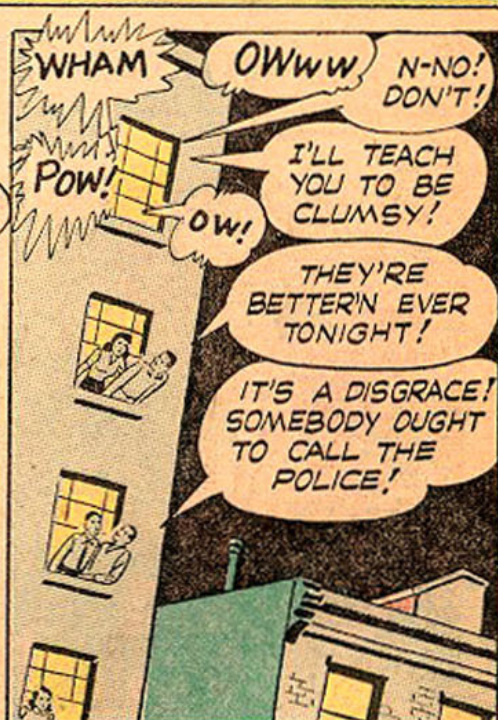
POW!

OW!

I'LL TEACH
YOU TO BE
CLUMSY!

THEY'RE
BETTER'N EVER
TONIGHT!

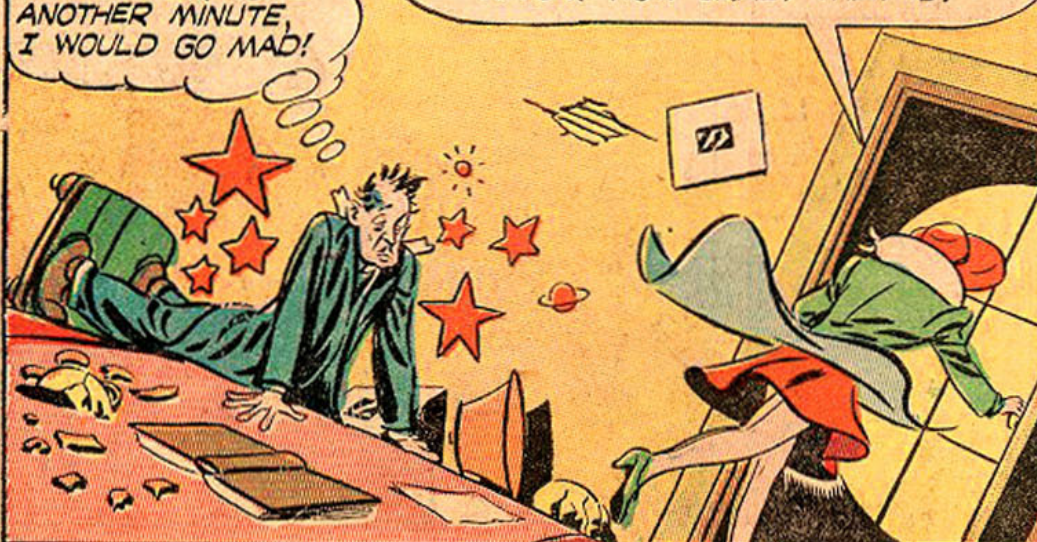
IT'S A DISGRACE!
SOMEBODY OUGHT
TO CALL THE
POLICE!



HALF HOUR LATER...

THANK GOD SHE'S
LEAVING... IF I
HEARD HER VOICE
ANOTHER MINUTE,
I WOULD GO MAD!

--AND IF YOU THINK I'M STAYING
HERE ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A
NUMBSKULL LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER
THAN I THINK YOU ARE! --AND YOU
KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT IS!

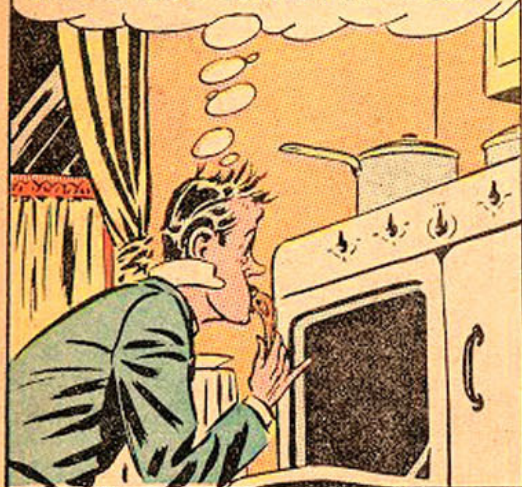


...MAD AS A
MURDERER!

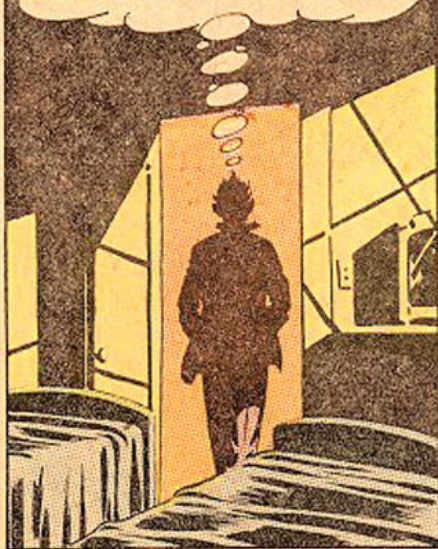


SHORTLY AFTER--

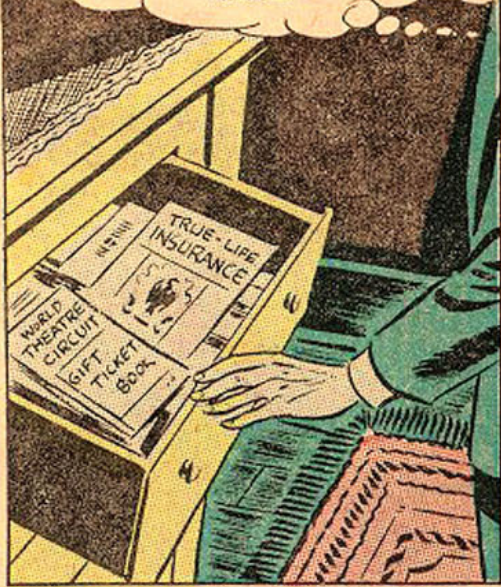
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THESE LAMB CHOPS! WHAT WAS SHE COMPLAINING ABOUT? FOOLISH QUESTION! WHAT DOES SHE **EVER** COMPLAIN ABOUT?



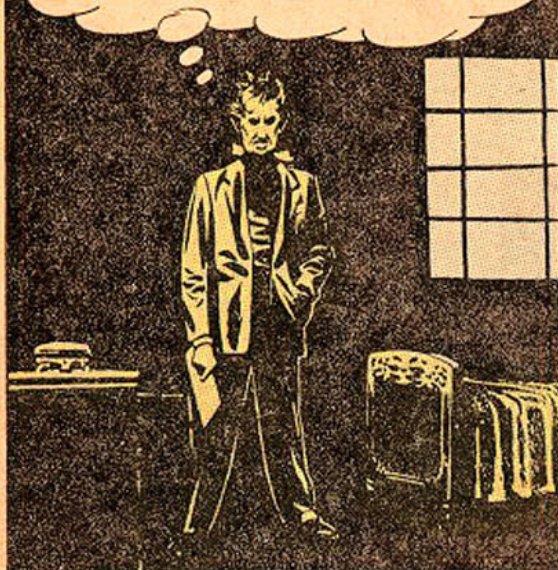
NO SENSE STAYING HOME ALONE! I'LL GO TO A MOVIE! THE MOVIE TICKETS ARE IN THE UPPER DRAWER OF THE BUREAU!...



THERE IT IS! HOLD ON! --I DIDN'T KNOW HELEN KEPT HER LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HERE---



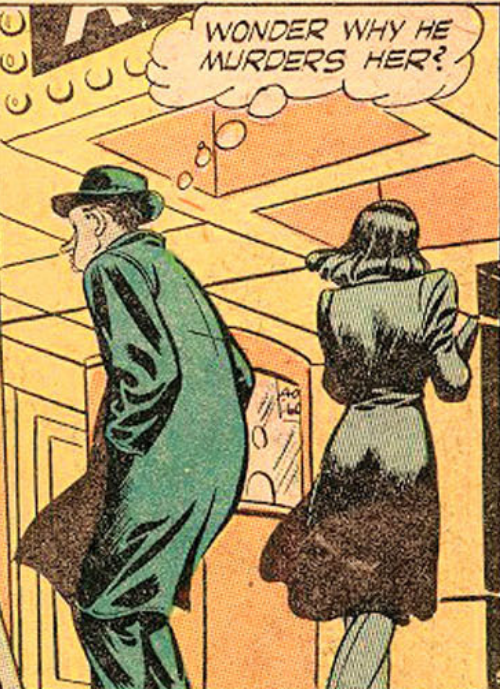
IF HELEN SHOULD DIE...I GET \$5000! I'M THE **BENEFICIARY** OF HER POLICY! HMM-MM--



LATER---



WONDER WHY HE MURDERS HER?



INSIDE---

EEEE

NO MORE WILL YOU TORTMENT ME --NO MORE! NO MORE-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

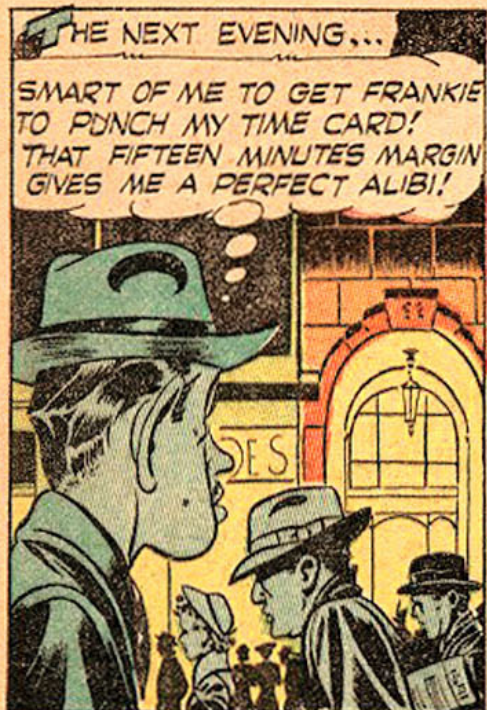
BANG BANG

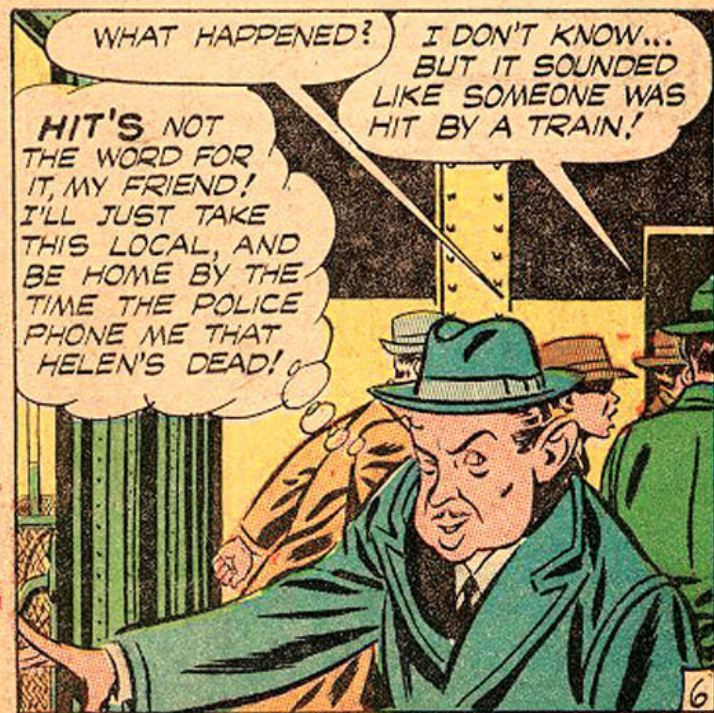
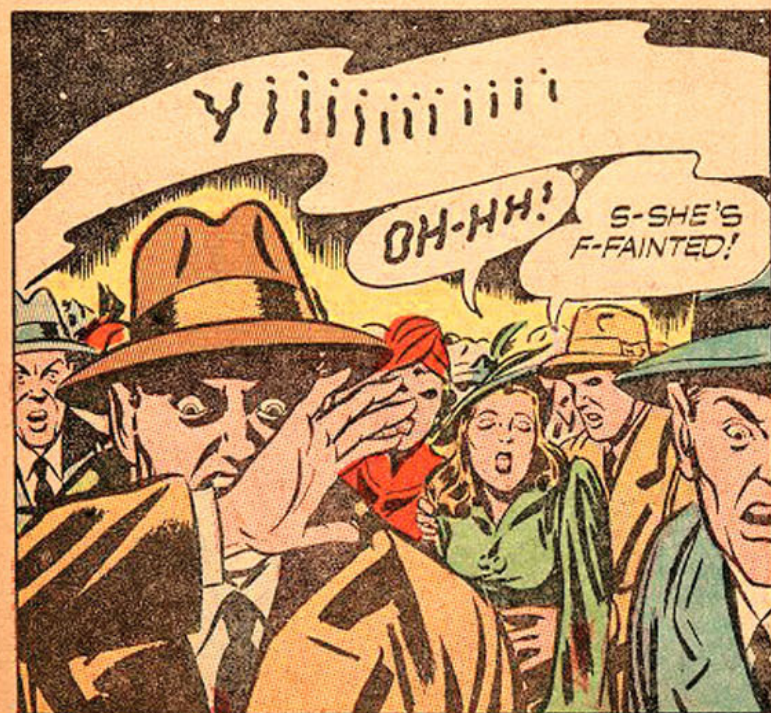
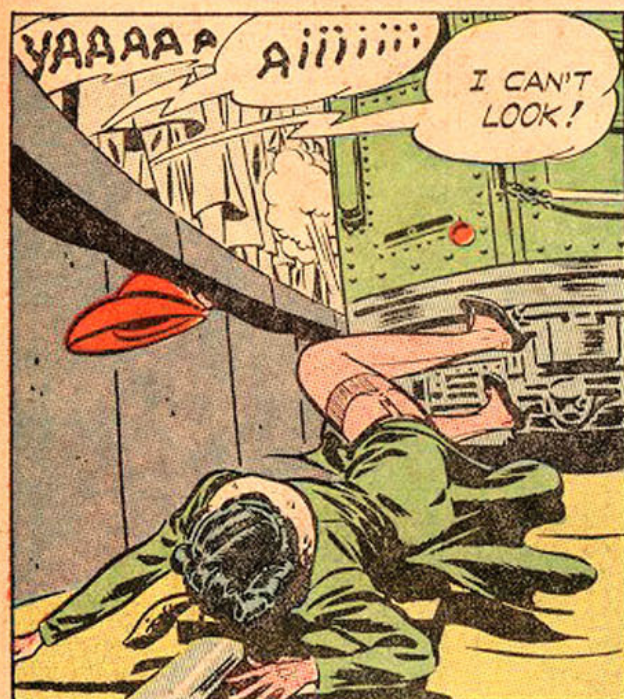
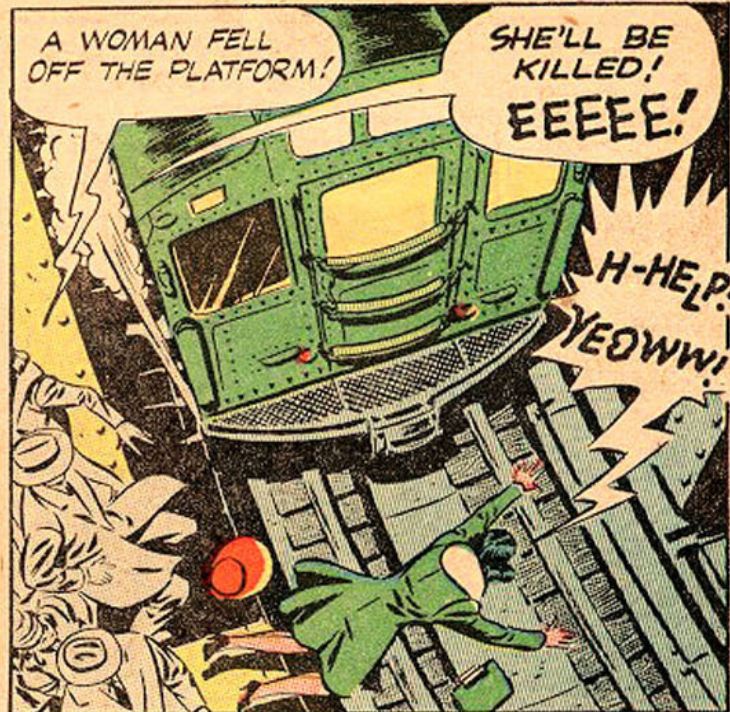
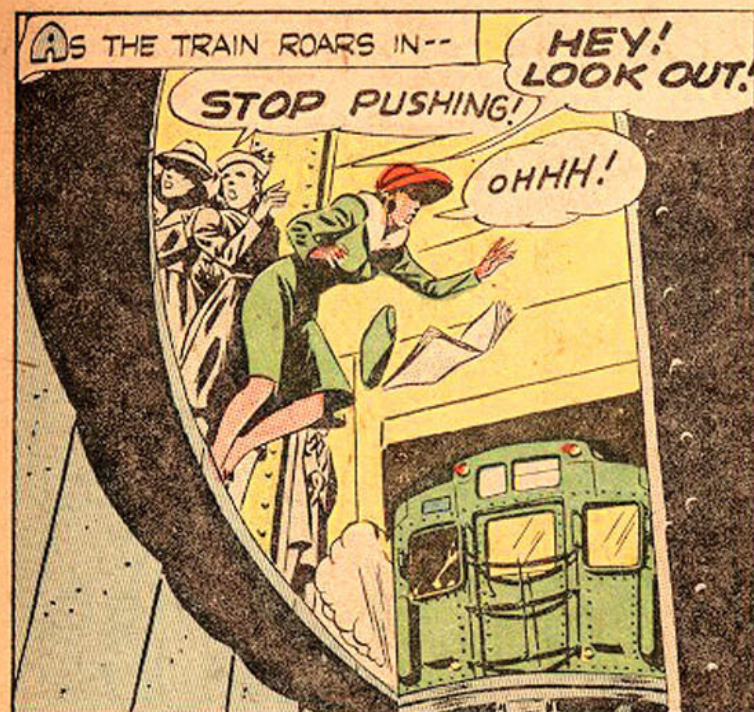
HUH! THAT'S NO WAY TO PULL A MURDER! NO WONDER HE GETS CAUGHT IN THE END!

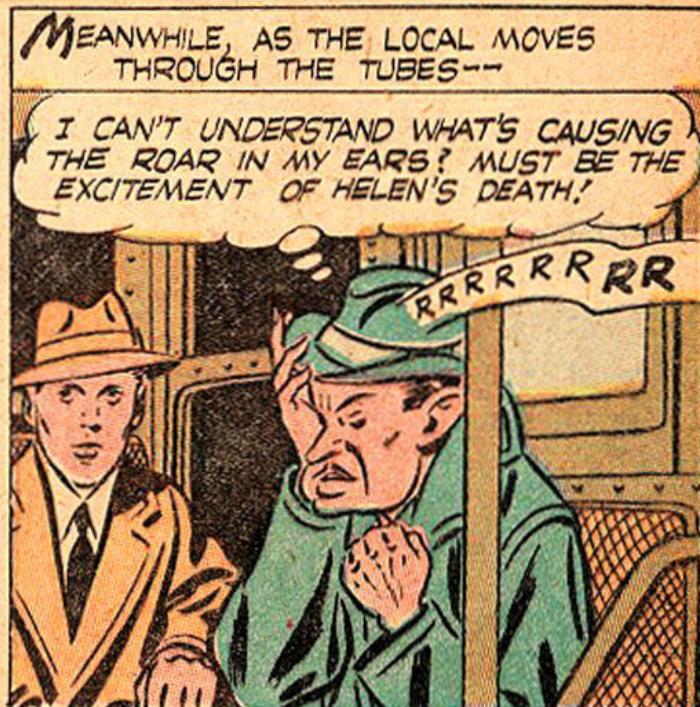
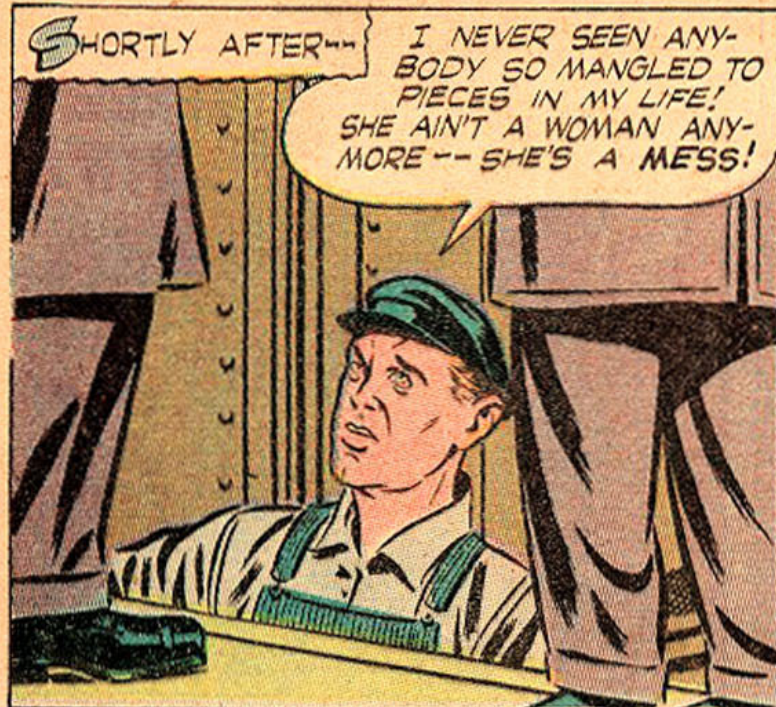


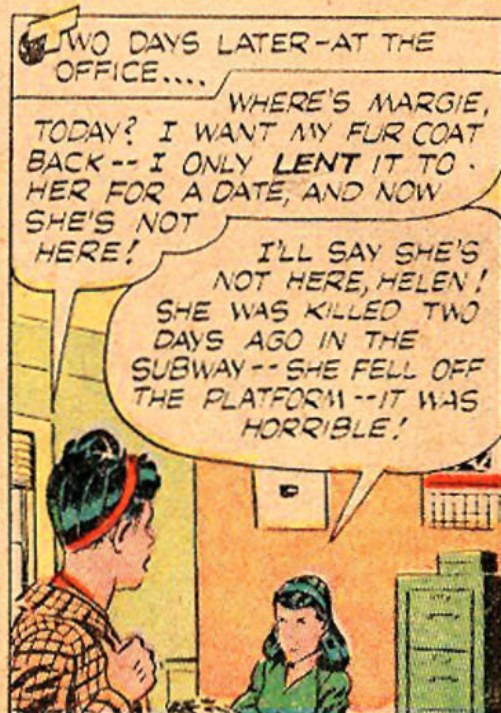
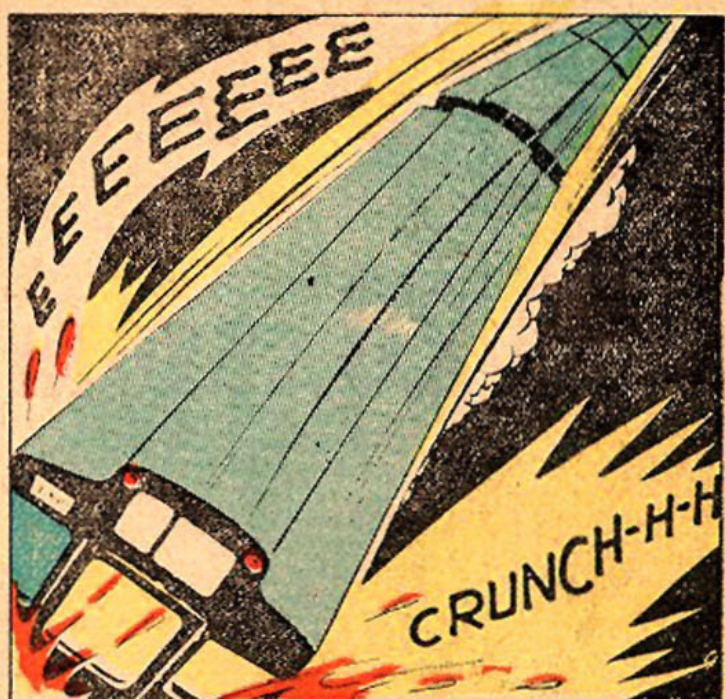
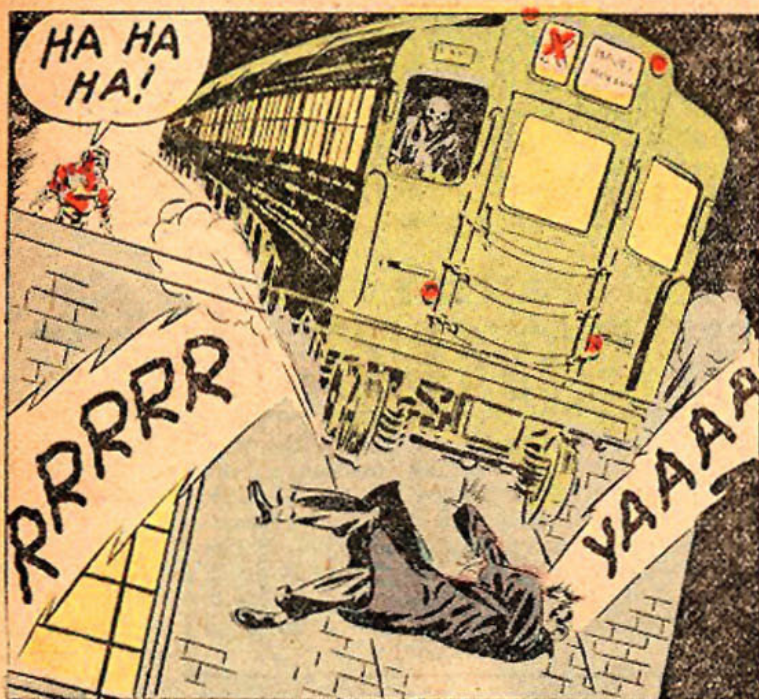
YOU'VE GOT TO BE CLEVER...MUCH CLEVERER!











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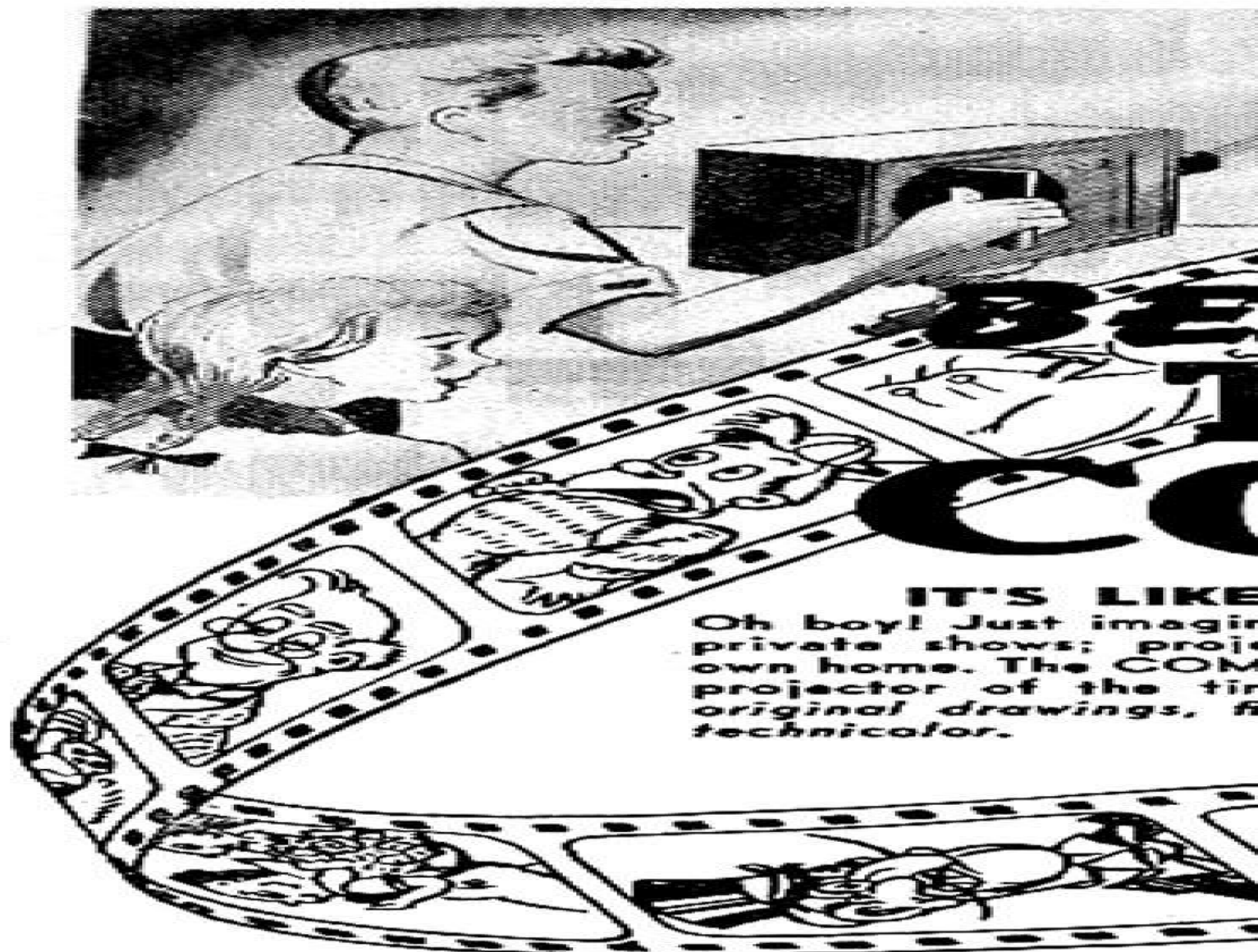
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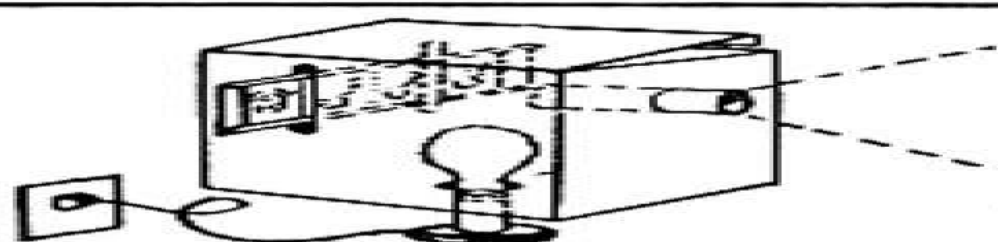
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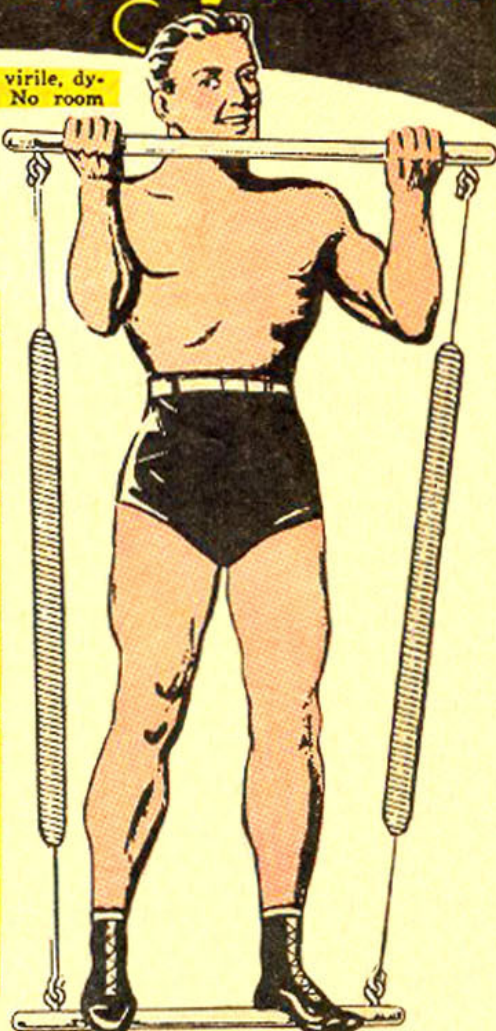
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